THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For All The Family

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I NEVER KNEW A NIGHT SO BLACK LIGHT FAILED TO FOLLOW IN ITSTRACK. I NEVER KNEW A STORM SO GRAY IT FAILED TO HAVE ITS CLEARING-DAY. I NEVER KNEW SUCH BLEAK DESPAIR THAT

THERE WAS NOT A RIFT SOMEWHERE ·· I NEVER KNEW AN HOUR SO DREAR LOVE COULD NOT FILL IT FULL OF CHEER!

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IDLE AUTUMN

Many readers wrote to tell us how charming they found Miss Gertrude West's series of stories, Four Camp Fires to Bethel. Everyone who read that series will be delighted to know that The Companion will soon print a new series by Miss West under the general title Idle Autumn. "Mis' Jonny" thought that the autumn would be an idle time, but the golden days found her not idle at all but doing golden deeds of kindness to her neighbors, young and old. The tales are delightful in sentiment; they warm the heart and strengthen faith in humankind. The first story will appear in the issue for

SEPTEMBER 18

TERMS

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nuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delays consideration of them. LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED and orders

PERRY MASON COMPANY The Youth's Companion Boston, Mass.

BACKACHE

BACKACHE

BACKACHE is such a frequent symptom that peddlers of quack nostrums often seize upon it as a sign pointing infallibly to the need of their particular remedy. As a matter of fact, although backache often does accompany the troubles they mention, it is more often owing to something quite different. Among the causes of backache are jobs that demand frequent or prolonged stooping, standing or walking after long confinement to the bed, too strenuous application at the start to some new form of setting-up exercise, limping because of a flat foot, and so forth. One of the simplest forms of backache is that which follows an unusual kind of work or exercise that has put unwonted strain on some muscles or ligaments of the back. Disease of the spine may produce pain in the back, though not uncommonly the pain associated with Pott's disease and some other spinal affections is felt mainly or solely in the abdomen. Lumbago is usually so sharply painful that it is easily differentiated from simple backache or backache that occurs as a reflex of pelvic or abdominal disease. Pain in the back between the shoulders sometimes indicates disease of the heart or of the lungs.

Bright's disease of the kidneys may cause backache occasionally, but that is by no means always the case; many persons suffer greatly with apprehension of kidney disease when they have nething the matter with them except a simple muscular sprain or at most a fibrositis, or chronic muscular rhematter with them except a simple muscular sprain or at most a fibrositis, or chronic muscular rhematter with them except a simple muscular sprain or to the leakache. Again, it may be owing to autointoxication from intestinal indigestion or to the leakache. Again, it may be owing to autointoxication from intestinal indigestion or to the leakache. Again, it may be owing to autointoxication from intestinal indigestion or to the leakache. Again, it may be owing to autointoxication from intestinal indigestion or to the leakache. Again, it may be owing to autointoxicat

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A PURITAN TO HIS "DOVE" OVE is a great softener. Even among the old New England Puritans it seems to have worked its influence and now and again to have made a more "human" person of one of that firm-lipped, backward-leaning sect. Consider, for example, the love letter, printed in the New York Sun and Herald, that the Rev. Edward Taylor, of Westfield, Mass., wrote in 1647.

The letter was addressed to "Miss Elizabeth."

1647.

The letter was addressed to "Miss Elizabeth Fitch, at her father's house in Norwich, Conn.," and was in two parts. The first part was a sheet on which was inscribed a square inclosing a triangle in the centre of which was a heart. A ring was also drawn on the paper with the words, "Love's ring I send, which has no end." Rising from the centre of the square at the top was a dove exquisitely drawn, holding an olive branch in its mouth. On the body of the dove in characters so small as to be hardly legible these lines were written:

This dove and olive branch to you

This dove and olive branch to you Is both a post and emblem too.

The letter begins:

Mestfield, 8th of 7th month, 1674.

My Dove: I send you not my heart, for that I hope is sent to Heaven long since, and, unless it hath awfully deceived me, it hath not taken up its lodging in anyone's bosom on this side of the royal city of the great King, but yet the most of it that is allowed to be bestowed upon the creature doth solely and singly fall to your share.

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THE YOUTH

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

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HE midwinter lull was on Lost Lake Basin. After much careful choosing the bear had picked out a warm hollow at the foot of an upturned tree and was sleeping the long sleep of the well fed. Moose, deer and caribou had yarded up in forest glades where they would stay until the thinning grasses underfoot drove them to new pastures. Streams were frozen like rock. Otter, pekan and mink were still fat from fall hunting and were living in half retirement. The marten ran a little in the brush, but he was not hungry enough, as he would be in March, to forage in the open. The beaver was in his warm house. Of the hunted only the fox, the hare and the ermine tracked the snow; of the hunters only the wolverenc, the lynx and the wolf pack.

At this season dawn comes late, and night comes early. The sun travels in a low are in the south, and its rim is still above the horizon when pin points begin to twinkle in the sky. As night deepens to blue black the stars take on the imperishable brilliance of diamonds. Trees crack from the cold with sounds like pistol shots; long peals of thunder echo through the forest aisles as the ice in ponds and lakes shatters under the cold, and the frost haze settles like unsteady smoke over a land the forest larders of which are as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

Carcajou was hungry—as hungry as a hundred small boys rolled into one or as a table full of harvest hands. Of all the appetites in the world his is the biggest, for he will eat half his own weight in meat every twenty-four hours—which is as if the ordinary man dined on seventy-five pounds of steak a day! For three nights he had prowled round Lost Lake Basin without finding anything more than a piece of moose hide, the remains of a hare that a fox had left and a few bones of an old deer carcass lying in an alder thicket.

He hobbled into the middle of the clearing and swung his nose to the points of the

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a few bones of an old deer carcass lying in an alder thicket.

He hobbled into the middle of the clearing and swung his nose to the points of the compass—east, west, north, south. He was the oldest of his kind in that country; his head and back were hoary, his sides and legs of a brown so dusky as to be almost black. He carried his head and tail low, and the walked with a clumpy shuffle, like a hear he walked with a clumsy shuffle, like a bear cub that had grown old without growing large. Within his head was a fierce, cunning brain; Carcajou meets the bear on terms of

orani; Carcajou meets the bear on terms of equality.

Other hunters were abroad. As he lumbered out of the clearing and into the forest he became aware of a lynx pressed flat against a spruce limb above him, and over the ridges came the thin mourning of wolves; they too were hungry. At the sound Carcajou stopped and looked round him. His small eyes glittered green, but he was not afraid. His ancestors had drunk from the same stream with the sabre-toothed tiger in the freemasonry of equals, and he himself had driven a pair of wolves away from a carcass. His short, furry ears twitched; here was a swift pack that might bring him something that he was not swift enough to kill. He listened, and then the thinness of the cry told him that it was not the sound of the hunting wolf; here were a pair wailing their hunger from opposite ridges.

The basin was bare of food, but outside it were other hunting grounds, and he turned his need toward when the control the control of the patch there were the higher the control of the patch there were the his

The basin was bare of food, but outside it were other hunting grounds, and he turned his nose toward the notch through which passed all life, animal and human, that flowed through Lost Lake Basin. The trapper, the postman and the policeman tramped it as well as caribou, deer, bear and fox.

As the hills closed in upon him Carcajou came upon a trail. There were long, parallel lines in the snow, a great many tracks

that looked like wolf, but were not wolf, and the sign of some big creature that had walked upright on web feet. It was a mark not unknown to Carcajou, that far-stepping webbed foot, for not three nights before he had come upon it in the middle of the basin near the beaver dam. Thus far the creature that made the track had done him no harm, and without stopping the wolverene swung in and shuffled along beside the postman's trail.

Then came a smell with which he was perfectly familiar and that was perfectly familiar and shuffled along beside the postman's trail.

which he was perfectly familiar—a smell that was almost maddening to the deepest maw in the woods, sharpened to razor keen-ness by three days and nights of fasting. It was the smell of fish.

Carcajou broke into a

lumbering trot; his nose, the keenest of all in the Northwoods, was very much alert. Once he

hater a left. Once he paused and, sitting up on his haunches, shaded his eyes with his fore-paws and looked about him. But his eyesight was not too good, and his nose told

paws and looked about him. But his eyesight was not too good, and his nose told him that all scents were stale enough for safety—except the fish smell; that became stronger with every step he took.

He came upon it suddenly, a frozen salmon lying in the snow with its round eye gazing up at the stars. Even in easy times salmon was a good dish for a wolverene, but this time it was a banquet. Yet it was queer that a fish should be lying there untouched when streams were frozen over and no one except the otters were sharp enough to catch them. He sat down with one paw touching the fat belly of the salmon.

There is one rule that all good wolverenes have observed since there were wolverenes—and the wolverenes count their ancestry back beyond the mastodon. The rule is, eat heartily, but eat only of food that you know all about. When starting on a food hunt go first to those carcasses which have been thoroughly investigated the night before, and, if on the second night everything seems all right, dine to the point of bursting. What can't be eaten can be torn apart and hidden in the snow or in the ground until another time, and what can't be torn apart and hidden can be so fouled that no other animal will touch it. In some ways Carcajou is





ZIN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

He was asking the two if they wanted more

closely related to the skunk. This wolverene had followed all the rules religiously just as his ancestors had followed them. That was

his ancestors had followed them. That was the rule of life, and it may be owing to it that, whereas the sabre tooth and the cave bear are extinct, the wolverene lives in the same form today as that in which he lumbered across the tundra ages ago.

Still Carcajou was hungry, maddeningly hungry. Every ounce of him called for food. It was instinct pitted against appetite, and the beast hung his head and licked his lips and quivered at the smell of that silvery body.

It was instinct pitted against appetite, and the beast hung his head and licked his lips and quivered at the smell of that silvery body.

For the time being he compromised. His nose told him that there was another salmon lying a little farther beyond, and he walked up to that and touched it with his paw. Another was beyond that one, and beyond that two were lying frozen together. At the sight appetite overcame instinct, and he jumped and landed with one foot on the fish's belly and his teeth in the throat.

Very slowly and cautiously he let go and backed away a step. Under the snow something had clicked and bitten. He sat still for a few seconds, patient, unflustered, and then pulled up out of the snow inch by inch a trap that the lone hunter whose trail he had seen near the beaver dam had set by this traveled highway where caribou, deer and the postman passed. It had caught him across the toes, a six-pound trap that bit and hung and would not let go. His little eyes began to flicker green light, and the long hairs on his neck bristled, but he did not thrash about as a less wise animal would have done. Instead he snifled the trap and took it between his jaws, adjusted it for a good bite and then applied all the strength of his bulging cheek muscles to it. His jaws were wonderful levers so poised that he could bite through a heavy deadfall. In spite of the bluntness of his teeth, which were so big as to seem swollen, he could gnaw through a log as thick as a man's thigh. But here was something of which strength alone could not rid him. The spring did not give under the pressure, and he set his foot down and licked his bleeding lips.

From over the ridge the wolves were belling their hunger to the stars, and Carcajou swung up his head and listened. In the circumstances that sound had a new significance. On a wind-swept lake he would

circumstances that sound had a new sig-nificance. On a wind-swept lake he would

be safe, and turning, he walked away from the salmon. He would go out on the ice, where he would leave no trace and there sit down and puzzle out this thing that bit like an animal and that yet was not an animal. At the end of a few steps he came up short. The blood dripped from his leg—warm, red blood the scent of which would carry to the wolves running along the ridges and in the brush at the edge of clearings. Still he did not hurry as he snifted back along the chain to the sapling to which it was fastened. Biting through the sapling was not much, and he took up his march to the lake and made a hundred yards before the sapling jammed between a stump and a bush and brought him up with a wrench that made him growl. There was too much hungry life in the woods that night for the comfort of an animal with a six-pound trap on his foot and warm blood dripping on the snow. His eyes were sullen, and he sat back and tugged until his reason told him that tugging would do no good.

He bit again until he had cut through the sapling close to the stump, and all the time the mournful chorus of the wolf pack and the howling of other wolves going singly or in pairs became keener and louder. He started again at a quickened pace, dragging the chain and a bit of wood of

pack and the howling of other wolves going singly or in pairs became keener and louder. He started again at a quickened pace, dragging the chain and a bit of wood of almost his own length.

At the top of a slope a gaunt shape drifted out of the darkness and squatted with his eyes here, there, everywhere except on the wolverene. Apparently he was not thinking of anything so unimportant as food; he had the appearance of being an ascetic sort of wolf whose mind was speculating on some abstract problem in wolf philosophy. Carcajou reared when he caught sight of the gaunt fellow with his belly tucked up under him, and he stayed up on his hind legs for a long dozen heartbeats; then he dropped and began to move warily away. He took a dozen steps, and without the appearance of making any movement the wolf, with his absent-minded gaze still bent over the brush tops as if he were admiring one of the low stars, moved with him. Carcajou stopped and snarled. In any other circumstances that snarling would have taken the heart out of any wolf that breathed, but this one turned his head away and did not move; and when Carcajou took

up his march again the wolf

up his march again the wolf moved along with him down a gentle slope.

The slope drooped toward the north. The low winter sun did not touch it and therefore did not soften the surface so that the nightly frost could form a crust there. The snow was as soft as eiderdown, and Carcajou went into it up to his belly. Halfway down the drag caught and threw the wolverene on his side, and in a flash the absent-minded wolf cut the air in a curve as pretty as that made by a salmon breaking water. Out of the brush came another even more gaunt, gray and hungry than he. They came down like falling arrows on the spot where the wolverene was thrashing in the fluffy snow; one aimed for his throat, the other went for his hindquarters. The gray bodies writhed, and the long heads struck as rapidly as a woodpecker strikes; jaws clicked. A short clublike arm with a six-pound trap on the end of it rose and came down on the skull of the speculative wolf with force enough to tumble him back in a daze. The other came up, probably blinded by a rake in the face from steel claws. Carcajou rose out of the snow as the badger comes out of his burrow in the spring and struggled to the top of the declivity, where he sneezed to get the snow out of his nostrils, and then charged to the end of his chain and came up with a ferocious growl. Clearly he was asking the two if they end of his chain and came up with a ferocious growl. Clearly he was asking the two if they wanted more, and clearly they did not, for they drifted away, whimpering, into the

Then he heard a sound that froze the

Then he heard a sound that froze the blood of even so strong a soul as Carcajou, a sound as unmistakable as the cry of wild geese. The wolf pack were on his trail!

Unhampered, he was a match for any wolf that wailed, and, if worse came to worst, he could ordinarily evade a pack by climbing a tree. But with that steel trap on his foot he could not get his own height up a tree trunk. If he could find a burrow he would be safe. Carcajou thought quickly and remembered that in that very basin was a fox lair that he had pried apart in the spring and in it had made a wonderful meal of fox cubs. But in prying it open he had made so good a job of it that wolves could get into it as well as he could.

There was one other way, and Carcajou

made so good a job of it that wolves could get into it as well as he could.

There was one other way, and Carcajou took it. It would mean traveling, faster traveling than he had ever done before. First he went over the trap carefully and patiently and tried it again with his jaws, but it did not give. Then he fell upon the sapling and worried it to slivers. Next he took the trap in his teeth and began to run on three feet, at first back toward the coming wolf pack, for he must have an open road. A beaver would have nipped off the offending forefoot.

His trouble had all come from the fish; why should there not be trouble in them for the wolf pack? Even if they were not caught, the fish would throw them off for a time, so that he could find a place in which to hide. He began to travel at a short-legged gallop, the best he could do, and at about a third of the speed of the wolf pack. He knew better than to try throwing them off his reeking trail; he ran as fast as he could go.

reeking trail; he ran as fast as he could go.

The cold was settling in his wounded foot, and the tendons and bones were beginning to protest against the unceasing pressure.

But the iron discipline of forest life gives an

But the iron discipline of forest life gives an animal no time for self-pity. Carcajou had a dozen loping appetites behind him as hearty as his own, and away from that chill wailing he ran as fast as he could down the forest corridor that he had traveled and off through the little clearings.

The pack were "laying out" in a long gallop, and their voices ran far ahead of them under the heavily laden spruce boughs. An exultant yell went up behind him, and he knew that he had been seen, but the queer trail was in front of him, and he raced along it past the body of a little kit fox lying in the snow near a half-eaten salmon. He did not stop to investigate that, but coursed by the line of fish, simply noting in his mind that he weuld come back a little later to see what the pack had left of the fox.

He galloped past the food and on until he

He galloped past the food and on until he came to a tree that lay with its top caught in the crotch of another; it sloped enough for the wolverene to be able to climb it. Up he wont and sottled in the first beautiful. he went and settled in the first branches breathing hard, growling, sniffing and look-ing back out of his flaring eyes to where the chorus of wolf barks, snarls, snappings and whinings were echoing over the frozen

salmon. He waited for the pack to come, but they were busy for the moment, and he set himself to working out the secret of the thing on his foot. Time and again he went over it with his nose as if he were looking at it through a microscope, and time and again he carefully applied the tremendous again he carefully applied the tremendous pressure of his jaws and squeezed until they bled. Time and again the metal gave, but the spring did not. The stars paled, and the dim pyramids, cones and domes of snow moved slowly out of the black shadows at the bases of the hills. The frost haze lightened from blue to gray and quivered. With the paling of the east his jaws closed over

the flat side of the spring, and the trap fell from his foot and dropped to the snow—a mass of twisted steel.

Carcajou licked the forefoot until some of

Carcajou neced the forefoot until some of the stiffness was out and then slid down the tree trunk and made his way back toward the scene of the banquet. He had a faint hope that some of the kit fox might be left, for he was even hungrier after the night's work. The chorus of wolf yells had died away long before, and with the coming of the light the thin wails on the far ridges became less frequent and then died alto-

There was nothing left of the kit fox, but

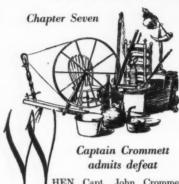
a wolf lay in the snow. Careajou squatted for a time and watched him, but he did not move, and after weighing certain information that his nose brought him the wolverene moved slowly forward. The wolf was lying in a curious position with his nose and fore quarters buried in the snow and his rump pointing upward. There was something about the manner of his death and the

about the manner of his death and the froth that had frozen on the snow that made Carcajou back away. Farther on was another lying on his back with his spine curved and his four legs pointing stiffly upward. Behind him was another curled up as if for a long nap. They were all there in one position or another, and all were dead.

arcajou hobbled off to find a lair where he could spend the day comfortably. It was a narrow opening under a pile of rocks, lined with frozen leaves and full of old bones and

He began to gnaw at one of the bones, as hungry as a tableful of harvest hands, but alive. It was a good deal better to ealive and hollow than dead and stuffed with poisoned fish that the postman, weary of the mournful howling that had followed him a hundred miles, had thrown off to the

PAGEANT - By Ralph D. Paine THE WINGFIELD



HEN Capt. John Crommett bolted into his house he was ready to shed blood to save his precious lawn and flower gardens from destruction. A moment's reflection, however, persuaded him to use the telephone instead. If Frank Creecy had the official sanction of the board of selectmen, then armed rebellion against the town government might have serious consequences. Furiously Captain John called up his legal adviser, Judge Murdock, and demanded instant action. Couldn't it be stopped with an injunction or a mandame stopped with an injunction or a mandamus or something? Very likely, replied the judge in his deliberate accents, and he would go to Dover to obtain the necessary papers

to Dover to obtain the necessary papers from the court.

"What good will that do me?" bawled Captain John. "You must hustle right down here and do something yourself. What's a lawyer for? Can't you hear that crash? Frank Creecy's men have chopped down part of my picket fence!"

Captain John darted to the front door. One team was already in motion to heal its

Captain John darted to the front door. One team was already in motion to haul its load of logs through the wide gap in the fence. The frantic mariner did not return to the telephone, but left the receiver dangling from its cord. The law was too slow for this emergency. When he appeared in the doorway Frank Creecy waved him a friendly hand.

"Pleased to see you decided not to shoot."

"Pleased to see you decided not to shoot us up," he called. "Better go inside, Cap'n John. It will harrow you worse when the wagons have to plow through those prize peony beds. With so much rain your whole yard is mighty soft."

yard is mighty soft."

Captain Crommett knew when he was Captain Crommett knew when he was whipped. He had been outmanceuvred and outsailed by an enemy more resourceful than himself. It was no disgrace to haul down his colors. His demeanor changed. With a smile and a twinkle he limped down from the porch, clapping a hand to his back. He had been moving too fast for an elderly man with twinges of rheumatism.

"I've got some limiment you ought to

"I've got some liniment you ought to rub on," suggested Frank Creecy. "It cured the last spell I had. Whoa, boys; let that team stay where it is. Maybe we can

arbitrate this question of property, Cap'n arbitrate this question. John."

"What about my fence that you went and "What about my fence that you went and "arben-

"What about my fence that you went and smashed galley west, Frank?"
"I'll have the new posts set and a carpenter and a painter here tomorrow. The expenses will be charged up to the pageant committee. It comes under the head of incidentals. I suppose you'll have no objection to our holdin' the regular rehearsal this afternoon?"
"Your whatever. Help yourself to the

"None whatever. Help yourself to the river landing." Captain John had made full surrender. "Send those teams of yours home. They make me nervous."

"Just as soon as the men can unload the

"Just as soon as the men can unload the logs and put 'em back where they were," cordially replied Frank. "You go take a chair on the porch. I guess I'll join you. We both got pretty well warmed up."

Together they retreated from the scene of conflict. There was no aftermath of hostility. Captain Crommett fanned himself with a battered straw hat. Frank Creecy found a piece of molasses candy in his pocket and, breaking it on the arm of his chair, offered it to the captain, who accepted. They found a certain amusement in this tranquil anticlimax. They were alike in having a saving sense of humor. The mariner had been handsomely beaten at his own game; he respected a man who could do it. In his imperious career afloat and ashore it had not happened often.

it. In his imperious career afloat and ashore it had not happened often.

Frank eyed his piece of candy. "I bought this stuff at Dave Torr's store," he observed. "He didn't know it, or he would have put poison in it. You got your ideas about the pageant from Dave, I take it."

That was treading on dangerous ground. Captain John let his tilted chair come down with a bang. The flush returned to his leathery cheek.

"The way this town used him was abominable!" he exclaimed, knitting his brows. "And you are the fellow that did it. By thunder, you broke Dave's heart!"

der, you broke Dave's heart!"
"Too hard to break unless you took a sledge hammer, Cap'n John. He has ac-tually talked of turnin' his own boy out of

house and home."
"No wonder! The boy was guilty of treason and mutiny just as much as if he had plotted against his skipper on the high

Thus spoke the old martinet of the quar-terdeck who had never had a boy of his

terdeck who had never had a boy of his own.

Frank Creecy chewed in silence for several moments. "I could always forgive your tantrums, Cap'n John, because your motives were generally sound," he said at length. "Standin' by your friends when they get in trouble is your favorite occupation. Of course you do take the bit in your teeth and kick the dashboard to flinders, but that's your nature. Now about this boy of Dave Torr's—"

"I have heard all I want to know,"

angrily broke in Captain Crommett. "I'm partial to boys, and this one seemed bright and promising, although he steered kind of wild at times. But he has teetotally gone to

wild at times. But it is the bad."

"What I was about to say," Frank went on to explain, "is that this Sidney Torr has been almighty fine and loyal to you. He didn't want to be too harsh when the rest of us was all set to ram the harpoon into you and twist it."

of us was all set to rain the man pand twist it."

That fetched Captain John up with a round turn; curiosity disarmed his rancor. Frank pulled a folded manuscript from inside his coat. Tapping the arm of his chair with it, he began to talk.

"I didn't mean to let you read this except a last resort," he said to the puzzled a last resort, "I have a last leaded. but

"I didn't mean to let you read this except as a last resort," he said to the puzzled captain. "I had both barrels loaded, but I potted you with the first one, same as Sidney Torr hoped I could do. It was him that thought of claimin' a right-of-way through your front yard. Nobody else was smart enough to recollect the old road and the maps and records to prove it. And he didn't do this to help the pageant, as a matter of fact, Cap'n John. David had told him to keep his hands off. He was anxious to save your family pride and the good reputation of the town."

"What on earth do you mean by all this

"What on earth do you mean by all this rigmarole, Frank Creecy?" shouted Captain Crommett, who was more befogged than

Crommett, who was more befogged than ever.

"The boy wanted to spare your feelings if it could be done," patiently explained the other. "We couldn't see that you deserved any mercy, you unreasonable old rip! All you heard was Dave Torr's side of the case, and then you went and made a holy show of yourself. What we proposed to fight you with was the life and crimes of 'Jail-bird Dick' Crommett, seasoned to suit the taste and served pipin' hot."

The high-tempered mariner was singularly subdued. There was a hint of fear in his face, as if he had seen a most disturbing ghost.

as if he had seen a most disturbing ghost. Frank waved the manuscript under his nose. It was a sinister gesture. Captain John backed away from it.

backed away from it.

"My own neighbors were willing to put
this disgrace on me?" he said.

"Several of the committee were so mad
about it that they said not to come near you. about it that they said not to come near you. Go ahead and stage the piece on the campus, said they, and call it A Rogue of Old New England, or The Wicked Deeds of Richard Crommett. Now I wasn't going to mention this to you, Cap'n John, unless I failed to bluff you with my loggin' teams and axes. But you began to trample on the Torr boy, and you had to be set straight on that."

Captain Crommett reached out a hand to captain Crommett reached out a hand to grasp the appalling manuscript, but Frank evaded him and deliberately tore the sheets of paper into small bits. They fluttered from the porch and were scattered over the lawn. Captain John no longer rumpled his white beard, but stroked it in a calm and reflective

manner.

"I guess it's just as well for my peace of mind," he remarked finally, "that I didn't read what you had written out, Frank. It would have cut pretty deep. Not being as young as I was, I'm sort of childish and sensitive about my forebears. Perhaps it's because I seem to be the last of 'em. And you tell me that this young Sidney Torr turned out to be the best friend I had in Wingfield next to his own dad?"

"Well, he felt sorry for you. Can'n John.

Wingfield next to his own dad?"

"Well, he felt sorry for you, Cap'n John, and that's more than the rest of us can say."

"I am tremendously surprised, Frank. You might call it flabbergasted. Seems as if I must have got my helm jammed somehow. Supposing you go ahead and tell me all about this pageant. I never had any cause to question David Torr's judgment before, but it begins to look as if he hadn't treated that boy of his quite right."

That was a victory for Frank Creecv's

unite right."

That was a victory for Frank Creecy's tact and diplomacy. It was more than he had dared to expect. Captain Crommett was inclined to follow the dictates of his heart instead of his head. He had been touched in a vulnerable spot. He charted his own course by the twin lights of loyalty and fidelity. If young Sidney Torr had manifested this same spirit toward him, then there was indeed another side to the story and an obligation to be met.

In a homely, vigorous way Frank

obligation to be met.

In a homely, vigorous way Frank
Creecy told the tale from the beginning.
His political part in it he frankly stated.
There was nothing to hide or excuse. In
spite of every warning David Torr had
persisted in riding to a fall. It had to
be his kind of pageant or none at all.
As for young Sidney, he had a right to
his own opinions. He had been so
wrapped up in his own dreams, his head
had been so in the clouds, that it had
never occurred to him that he might be
antagonizing his own father. And when never occurred to him that he might be antagonizing his own father. And when the damage was done it had been too late to mend it. The whole town was proud of the boy. He had pulled the pageant out of the ditch, and it was bound to be the greatest thing ever seen in old Wingfield.

"Just you watch the rehearsals two or three times, Cap'n John," Frank advised him in conclusion, "and don't you go poppin' your safety valve again until you have some provocation."

your safety varve again the provocation."
"Dave said this mob would tromple all over me," objected the owner of the lawn and flower beds. "What about that?"
"He hasn't been near the landing once. About all that David believes these days is what ain't so,"

what ain't so."

Late in the afternoon Captain Crommett Late in the afternoon Captain Crommett sat on his front porch and gazed down at the rude pioneer settlement that occupied the level area of turf beside the river. It was no longer disfigured by "No Trespass" signs. Men and women moved about with no confusion. Instead of marching on and off in groups they were sauntering here and there in what seemed to be a casual manner.

Two or three stopped to chat. Others passed in and out of the log huts or busied themselves with some employment.

Capt. John Crommett's shrewd vision soon discovered that all this life and motion were fitting themselves together like the bits of an intricate puzzle. Every one of those people had a separate and distinct part to play. It was far more difficult than handling them in colorful masses. Without costumes and the completed stage setting much of the illusion of course was lacking, but Captain Crommett found it fascinating to watch this chapter of the story reveal itself. He was eager to see what would happen next.

he was eager to see what would happenext.

Mr. Hamilton Bruce seemed to be in several places at once. He shouted through a megaphone and perspired freely. Frequently he looked at his watch and scribbled in a notebook. During a lull Captain John trudged down through the shattered gap in his picket fence. He simply had to learn more about it. When it came to discipline and handling men he was in his native element. These people went about their business like the seasoned crew of a square-rigged vessel.

their business like the seasoned crew of a square-rigged vessel.

Mr. Bruce greeted him affably. The recent upheaval was ignored. The author looked a trifle haggard. He had lost weight and also sleep. Light-heartedly he had undertaken the pageant as a pastime. By now he had found out that he was a slave to it. A thousand and one details had presented themselves. What he didn't know about them

would fill the book that he had been unable

would till the book that he had been unable to finish writing.

"It all has to be timed right on the dot," he explained to Captain Crommett. "That is the difficult trick. This crowd here today is only one part of it. The Indians are another. The third is a party of settlers coming up the river in boats. I am working out a system of signals."

"Boats?" exclaimed Captain John with increased interest. "Say you?"

increased interest. "Say, you'll have to figger the tide just right, Mr. Bruce. If they catch it on the turn of the ebb, it will hold 'em back and throw your schedule all out of kilter. And there is the prevailin' wind to consider."

him to come and play checkers with me after

supper."

In the quiet twilight hour a college sophomore and a fair maid drifted past the river landing in a cance. Suddenly from the white house behind the picket fence there came an outburst of argument so impassioned that the fair maid clapped her hands to her ears. The scandalized sophomore rapidly propelled the canoe down the river. Neighbors less the canoe down the river. Neighbors less easily startled were seen to linger on the bridge. The sounds were interpreted to mean that Captain Crommett and his boon com-panion David Torr had disagreed about something more momentous than checkers. The audience decided not to send for the

Bruce. Here's this pack of Indians for instance. College boys mean well, but they are as blamed unreliable as so many fleas. Only seven of 'em turned up this afternoon, and we counted on fifty-odd."

"Oh, they are more interested in their campus affairs of course, Cap'n John. Mr. Bruce expects that. But I don't think they'll throw up down"

Bruce expects that. But I don't think they in throw us down."

"Maybe not, Sid. But it makes me fretty. And a rainy afternoon means another day lost. Why, I find myself watchin' the barometer as if I were at sea again. I'm too old to carry the load."

"Forget it, Cap'n John," Sidney advised him.

"Forget it, Cap'n John," Sidney advised him.

"That's what I aim to do. There is some business in Portland I ought to look after. Dead or alive, I shall be back to see the pageant. Mr. Bruce tells me that money is coming in as he needs it, but I left him a blank check to fill in if he feels cramped for expenses."

In that amiable manner did Captain Crommett erase himself from the busy landscape by the river. His last word to David Torr was to cultivate a Christian spirit and beg forgiveness for his sins. The brotherly advice seemed to go unheeded.

to go unheeded.

An important part of the equipment An important part of the equipment for the pageant consisted of canoes for the Indians and a flotilla of boats for the pioneers. They had been collected from the river and the bay. They were now in use almost daily. The task of rehearsal was in the final stages. When not employed the canoes were laid in a row on the grass. The skiffs, an old ship's yawl, several dories and a decaying dugout, were tied in a tiny cove below the landing. Much searching had been required to find boats that were not too new and modern in appearance.

been required to find boats that were not too new and modern in appearance.

Joe Runnels was in general charge of all the small craft. He made it his duty to see that they were put away at the end of the day. On his way to school every morning he stopped to count them. His only anxiety was that college "students and village boys might borrow a canoe or a skiff and fail to bring it back in time for rehearsal. It was on a Saturday morning that Joe rode in from the farm on his bicycle to meet Mr. Bruce at the landing. There was a long list of errands to be discussed. cussed.

At the bridge Joe was so dumfounded that he fell off his bicycle. Not a cance was to be seen where he had left seven of them side by side on the turf. He scampered to the cove. Gone was every skiff and dory, even the old ship's yawl and the dugout. The entire fleet had vanished. That was a calamity so astonishing that Joe could only stand and stare with his mouth open. Regaining his wits, he tarried not for Mr. Bruce, but flew up the main street to find Sidney Torr.

The budding genius fairly wilted. The pageant was doomed in spite of them, he declared with one of his dramatic gestures. There could be no more rehearsals without the boats. Who could have done this thing? It wasn't his father. That was certain. Capt. John Crommett had taught him to let the pageant alone, and

Crommett had taught him to let the pageant alone, and he was now a different man. Joe Runnels was not so easily convinced. He had his suspicions. Now that Captain Crommett had gone to Portland, perhaps David Torr was acting queer again. The grudge might have worn a sort of groove in his brain. Sidney warmly disputed the sugrestion while they hurried to the landing. Hamilton Bruce was leaning against a tree, a most dejected author. He earnestly wished he had taken his wife's advice and minded his own business. He had come to the country to live in order to escape the madding crowd and its distractions, and now life in old Wingfield was growing madder every minute. In this new crisis it was consoling to behold Sidney and Joe, whom no obstacles could dismay.

"The first thing to do is to find those boats."

dismay.

"The first thing to do is to find those boats,
Mr. Bruce," said the practical Runnels boy.
"Never mind who did it. We'll get him later.
He didn't steal our motor dory, Sid, because "Never mind who did it. We'll get him later. He didn't steal our motor dory, Sid, because it wouldn't run. You trot up to the store and get some new batteries and a can of gas while I tinker with the engine."

"Is there anything I can do to help?" inquired the disheartened author.

"Not a blessed thing, Mr. Bruce," firmly answered Jce. "You go home to your family and try to keep cheerful until you hear from us. I'll telephone Frank Creecy right away.



Frank Creecy waved him a friendly hand

"You are the very man I intended to ask about that," suavely replied the author. "In fact I can't solve it without you."
"Better let me reckon the tide to the minute," insisted Captain Crommett, "and then you can set the exact time for starting the property of the prope

minute," insisted Captain Crommett, "and then you can set the exact time for starting your show. I'll use the high-water table for Portsmouth and make the necessary corrections. This is all-fired important. By the way, where's the Torr boy? I want to see him." Hamilton Bruce nodded in the direction of a clump of trees near the bridge. There sat Sidney, avoiding the public gaze, hungrily surveying the river landing and its people. He was a wan spectre at the feast. When Captain Crommett approached he took to his heels, but was recalled by a stentorian summons to "vast and belay, you young sculpin." Timorously Sidney awaited his fate. No doubt Captain John breathed fire and vengeance for that plot to reopen a highway through his front yard; life grew steadily worse and worse. Instead of scolding him, however, Captain John exclaimed: "Let's you and me sit in the shade and watch the rest of it, Sid. My old bones feel rusty today. You did me a good turn, so I'm told. What was the idea of befriending a mean-tempered crittur like me?"

"You have never been mean to us Wingfield boys, Cap'n John. And my hobby is keepin' our ancestors respectable, as you probably know."

"That's a man-size job, Sid," observed the last of the Crommetts, chuckling. "Drunk-

"That's a man-size job, Sid," observed the last of the Crommetts, chuckling. "Drunkards and horse thieves were scattered pretty promiscuous among the godly families. 'Jail-bird Dick' happened to write a book about himself. That's how he won his immortal fame. Well, one good turn deserves another. I presume you'd give your eyeteeth to be rushing around in this pageant?"

"Please don't josh me, Cap'n John," reproachfully replied poor Sidney. "It's entirely too serious. You can't realize how serious it is!"

"I don't know but what I can. From what

serious it is!"

"I don't know but what I can. From what I'm told Mr. Bruce needs you. He looks a little pi-eyed with worry. We can't afford to have the town fall down on a big thing like this, Sid. I was just now elected navigator in charge of tides, winds and currents."

Sidney grinned. The remark was Captain John's admission that he was no longer a foeman but an ally. "I s'pose you can't make my father admit he is wrong, sir."

"My belief is that I had better have another talk with David," declared Captain Crommett. "You tell him, Sid, that I expect

town constable. He might spoil the enjoy-

town constable. He might spoil the enjoyment.

The discussion seemed to rise and fall like waves beating against a rock-bound coast. After a while one voice was almost silenced. The other, which had been trained to shout against the gales, was that of Capt. John Crommett. Soon afterward the lighted doorway framed the departing figure of David Torr. He passed his neighbors on the bridge without speaking. His head was down, and his shoulders sagged forward; he seemed almost to have shrunk. He walked rapidly as if eager to remove himself from the vicinity of Capt. John Crommett.

When he entered his own house Sidney

of Capt. John Crommett.

When he entered his own house Sidney was studying algebra at the sitting room table. He noticed that his father looked rumpled, like a man who had been caught out in bad weather.

"I withdraw my objection to your taking part in the pageant," David Torr said abruptly. "No, you needn't thank me. I don't want to hear another word. Where's your mother?"

He tramped upstairs and slammed a door. It was impossible for him to surrender graciously. Sidney hastened to the telephone and talked with Joe Runnels until other subscribers on the party line

with Joe Runnels until other subscribers on the party line implored them to "cut it short." It was glad news for Hamilton Bruce also. In the broad essentials the pageant was Sidney's own creation. The rehearsals had missed his intimate, almost uncanny knowledge of local traits and customs, the little things that mean a finished work of little things that mean a finished work of art. It was what he called his Memories

art. It was what he called his Memories of the Very Long Ago.

It was time to begin to assemble the spinning wheels, flint-lock muskets, brass kettles, hewn cradles and what not. Sidney knew in whose garrets all such ancient treasures were stored. He drove round with a wagon and wheelled old ladies into lending heirloows that he heen grathering dust for heirlooms that had been gathering dust for generations. Capt. John Crommett promptly offered his barn as the handiest place for storing them

A week after the skies had cleared for A week after the skies had cleared for happy Sidney he was astonished to hear Captain John say: "I enjoy these rehearsals, but they make me nervous. Not that I've been caused any trouble whatever. A king couldn't be treated any nicer. But I get too anxious, same as you, Sid, and Hamilton



It certainly did seem as if the pageant couldn't stub its toe again."

The author seemed reluctant to return to the bosom of his family. He sat upon the edge of the motor dory while Joe took the carburetor to pieces. Misery loves company. Presently Joe looked across the river. The schedleves and the road pass; it eaviet his rresently Joe looked across the river. In schoolhouse and the road near it caught his eye. He was reminded of something—a winter morning, Sidney sprawled in a snowdrift and a battle with a slouchy youth who had a hard jaw and a harder pair of fists.

"Conky Ryder! Say, he hid those boats to spite us," exclaimed Joe, jumping to his

feet. "He'd think it was funny to play a trick like that. He hates Sid, and I don't believe he loves me any too much."

"Who is Conky Ryder?" demanded the author. "I seem to have overlooked the villain in the piece."

"You naturally would. Conky is sort outlawed. Well, it's up to me to lick him again after I find those boats. His gang must have helped him. They had an ebb tide after midnight."

"I hereby invite myself to go with you,

"I hereby invite myself to go with you, e," said Hamilton Bruce.

By Anne McQueen

ordered more linen and began

I don't know what they'll think of me, coming without any trousseau except the few frocks poor mother can buy with the little rects poor mother can buy with the little rent she gets from her place. It is mighty little, and father has always had that, but now she won't give it up, so I will have one pretty dress to get married in and a coat

"Ach such a man!" declared Miss Bar-Ach, such a man't decrared Miss Barbara as the sisters were discussing Mary and her father's meanness. "Ain't it lucky we have not married, Bettina?"

nave not married, Bettina?"
"Sure, or maybe he might be treating one of us so," replied Miss Bettina. "I never knew which one Joe wanted, because father set the dog on him before he had time to

And then one night Miss Barbara had an inspiration. She immediately rose from her feather bed, trotted across the floor to Miss Bettina's, and poked her in the ribs to wake her. "I say, Bettina, it has come to me. Why not we give our hope chest to poor Mary, not?"

'Our chest?" inquired Miss Bettina, sit-

"Our chest?" inquired Miss Bettina, sitting up and staring at her twin. "Our chest—but, yes, we will never need it, Barbara, for we would not have a man if he was the last! Yes, we give it. And tomorrow we air them all."

The contents of the chest were a regal array on the clothesline, a trousseau that any bride would be proud of. There were table linens, embroidered serviettes, pillow cases and sheets, all hemstitched; there were numerous centrepieces and bureau scarfs all stiff with embroidery, towels and household linen of all descriptions. And then there was underwear, old-fashioned, it is true, but dainty and beautiful and easily enough altered, if any one cared to alter it.

As the contents of the chest hung fluttering the sisters felt a thrill that almost amounted to awe. Could they really have done all that? It had been ten years since the niece back in Pennsylvania was married, but the time had flown; it seemed heardly needs the

done at that: I had been ten years since the niece back in Pennsylvania was married, but the time had flown; it seemed hardly possible that they could have accomplished all that work in ten years along with all the work they did about the house, the dairy and the

farm.

"But won't Mary be delighted!" they said to each other happily. Then they set about doing all the things up in a great box, which they sent with their compliments to Joe Sherrod's house by the hired boy.

Joe Sherrod, white with anger, brought it back in his cart. It was the first time his feet had crossed their threshold since the episode of the dog, which still rankled in his hard and narrow heart.

"I just want to say that my girl takes no gifts from you foreigners!" he said bitingly. "I am able to provide for her, and what I don't give she don't get. So take back your truck and keep it. Maybe some old fool will come along yet, and you won't both be post-poned brides!"

"Och, such a man!" indignantly exclaimed

oned brides!"
"Och, such a man!" indignantly exclaimed
the sisters as they watched him retreat after
leaving the box on the porch. "Calling us

foreigners, the dopple, and us born and raised right in America like himself! But that poor Mary!"

They sat beside their rejected offering and talked long and earnestly and at last with many chuckles.

When Mary came over, storming with tears, she found them quite cool about their gift and its refusal.

rears, she round them quite cool about their gift and its refusal.

"Well, well, your man, he'll buy you clothes in plenty, so why fret about it?" they declared cheerfully. "Your pop, he won't have ours, so we keep them. It is all

won't have ours, so we keep them. It is all right so."

But when Mary had gone, with shoulders drooping with disappointment, they looked at each other with twinkling eyes. "It is a good joke, not?" they murmured to each other with little nods of approval. "That Joe Sherrod, he is a bad man, and it serves him right!"

But what the joke was no one knew till Mary had married and gone to her new home, which for a while was to be with the young husband's mother. She wrote to her mother, who showed the letter to Joe Sherrod, whose feelings may be imagined. Also she wrote to

who showed the letter to Joe Sherrod, whose feelings may be imagined. Also she wrote to the twins:

"When I got in the house with my suitcase—for Fred had shipped my poor little trunk ahead—what should I see in my room but a brand new leather trunk fit for the queen herself and a little envelope with the key in it—both addressed to me in my own new name! And, oh, darlings, when I opened it and saw all the wonderful treasures of embroidered linen and the dainty, wonderful underwear, all my very own, which your dear hands wrought with so much work and care and understanding, why, I was just the proudest girl in the world! And it was a beautiful way, wasn't it, to get round father? He could refuse it for poor Mary Sherrod, but not for Mrs. Fred Knight! And now I am not ashamed before these people, who are so good and so nice and have so much! Even they could never have a hope chest like mine, never in the world!"

"She is happy, and we thought of a good way, because we bought the trunk too," the sisters exclaimed, laughing. Then with a little sigh they both said at once: "But we will be lonely now, not? Our work seems all done."

But Miss Barbara, who was given to in-

But Miss Barbara, who was given to in-irations, was not long in solving the

spirations, was not long problem.
"We will order more linens," she said radiantly, "and start us another hope chest for the postponed brides! Mary Sherrod's little sister is growing up too; she is a nice child, that little Betty, and comes to see us when che can."

"Sure," agreed Miss Bettina, "and for us maybe a beau or two comes yet; we will go right away to work to get ready when they

She nudged her sister with a plump elbow, and both laughed with glee; it was such a good joke, this filling hope chests for post-poned brides!

THE POSTPON BRIDES



had had a chest of linen for her trousseau, and because her people in Europe had had chests from time immemorial, the sisters began when in their teens to furnish their chest—only one, because they were twins; but they made garments and towels and table-cloths for two in great abundance, all of the finest linen and damask sent from their kinsfolk in Europe, where the flax was grown and spun and woven—linens that if properly cared for would last for centuries. When their father and mother died and left them alone they had worked more constantly than ever on their trousseaus while the neighbors laughed and coined the name by which they were ever afterwards known—the postponed brides.

Then when the chest was filled to its capac ity a letter came from their one niece back home. She was to be married, she wrote gay-ly, and had not a shred of linen for her chest!

"That's what comes of colleges yet," agreed the twins. "Four years she goes by college, and not a bit of sewing done. And our only sister's child to marry without a

It couldn't be thought of, not when their It couldn't be thought of, not when their chest was running over with things that they would never use. Miss Barbara and Miss Bettina aired the linens as they had done for many years to keep them from growing yellow; they gazed happily upon them fluttering on the clothesline in the back yard and thought pridefully that their niece need to be shared to show them to anyone. not be ashamed to show them to anyone.

not be ashamed to show them to anyone.

They had a letter from her acknowledging the gift, a letter that was filled with wonder and joy. "Oh, you darling aunties," she wrote, "you have given me the loveliest present of all! How on earth did you ever accomplish so much? It looks like the work of a lifetime, and everybody is enraptured. The neighbors don't sew as much as they used when you were girls and lived up here: they when you were girls and lived up here; they take more time for visiting and reading and doing other things, and they buy ready-made clothes a good deal. But I won't have to buy

a single, solitary piece!"
"Ach, ready-mades!" gasped the twins.
"Such shiftlessness! Like the people down here it is. But our niece will have plenty of

Then because they were lonely they

plainest and clothes of the cheapest and coarsest material.

"He pays hands when they come to work in the tobacco, but he never pays us a cent," sobbed Mary wrathfully as she related her woes to the sympathetic sisters. "I string tobacco and worm it and cook for the hands, and I get—a calico dress for church and a homespun one for every day! And calfskin shoes for Sundays and brogans for every day! And I never even owned any underwear that wasn't made of unbleached homespun, so it would last. Oh, I don't think it's fair when he has plenty of money too!" "Well, well, your man. he'll buy you clothes in plenty"

DRAWINGS

And then one day there came a tobacco buyer who saw Mary in the barn stringing tobacco, and, as Joe Sherrod happened to be away, he talked to her and found her most attractive, with a sweet, pretty face, blue eyes that laughed when they had a chance and—what does not always go with beauty—a ready and intelligent mind. chance and—what does not always go with beauty—a ready and intelligent mind.

He came again and bought Joe Sherrod's crop and saw Mary at the meal that, since he was a buyer, Joe Sherrod offered him. Mary was dressed in her poor best, a sprigged muslin that in the young man's eyes made her appear as beautiful as if she had been clothed in satin. He came again, and he asked her to marry him, and as she was twenty-one she joyfully agreed, though her father grumbled that he didn't know what on earth he should do without her.

Miss Barbara and Miss Bettina rejoiced exceedingly over her good fortune, but they were overwhelmed with indignation at the way Joe was treating Mary.

"He is such a nice man, and his folks are nice," said Mary, "and used to everything.

Joe Sherrod was a well-to-do farmer, who worked his family, from the ailing mother to the smallest child, like slaves or worse, for he gave them in return only food of the plainest and clothes of the cheapest and



TREASURE SWAMP By Frank Lillie Pollock

Chapter One An untenanted cabin HAT on earth ever made

Uncle Norman come to a place like this?" exclaimed Kenneth Harwood. Resting his paddle on the gunwale of the canoe, he looked at the tangles of stunted cedar and willow and the low shores of the swamp that bordered the sluggish river.

His brother Dick did not reply. The problem had puzzled them all day as they sweated at the paddles. Their Indian canoeman in the stern had said that he knew the way to Norman Harwood's place, but all

man in the stern had said that he knew the way to Norman Harwood's place, but all the thirty miles from Cedar Lake, where they had left the railway, the country looked the same,—a monotonous succession of tangled swamps, marshy flats, muddy creek mouths and low ridges far away,—a country apparently of no use for anything. They had seen no sign of settlement; they had seen no useful timber. Game, however, seemed plentiful. Twice they saw deer tracks in the mud; wild ducks were continually starting up, and the Indian told them tracks in the mud, who ducks were continually starting up, and the Indian told them that the place was good "for trap in winter." But Uncle Norman was neither hunter nor trapper, and he had been living beside the river for two years.

"Maybe the river gets better farther on," suggested Dick.

suggested Dick.
But only a few minutes later the Indian

as to only a few minutes fact the intimates acted the canoe in shore where there was an opening in the cedar thickets; the ground was dry, and there were signs of a trail.

"Surely this can't be the place!" Dick exclaimed. He stepped ashore, followed by his brother, while the guide pitched out their dunnage bags.

his brother, while the guide pitched out their dunnage bags.
"Sure, right here!" replied the Indian.
"You follow trail lak you see. You fin' heem easy. Not far. Bo' jour!" Without further ceremony he swung his canoe round and started down the river.

"Hold on! Wait!" Dick shouted after him, but the Indian kept on. "We are in a nice fix if this turns out the wrong place after all," Dick said to his brother. "Well, let's find out."

let's find out.'

let's find out."

The boys picked up their dunnage and their guns and started up the trail through the swamp. Trees had been cut here and there to clear the way, but there was nothing to indicate that anyone had used the trail recently. It curved and led to somewhat higher ground and at the end of a hundred vards oneed suddenly upon a wide clearing

recently. It curved and led to somewhat higher ground and at the end of a hundred yards opened suddenly upon a wide clearing at the edge of a marshy flat. At a little distance stood a well-built cabin.

"Hurrah! Here we are!" Kenneth yelled. "Uncle Norman! Who-o-op!"

As there was no response from the cabin, they crossed the clearing and pounded on the door, which was covered with a frame of mosquito netting. Throwing it open, they beheld the single big room of the cabin with its rough furnishings of bunk, stove and table. But no one was there.

Withdrawing in disappointment, the boys surveyed the surroundings. To the left extended an immense, marshy-looking tract of more than fifty acres through which wound a small creek. A short way up the stream a rough, barnlike building stood on the bank. The boys made for it. A large door stood wide at one end. A small circular saw on its mountings, which appeared to be homemade, occupied part of the interior, and now they observed that the creek had been dammed into a little pond with a sluiceway to furnish power for the saw. There was a carpenter's bench with tools, and there was a small forge. The rest of the interior was full of queer, rude contrivances of wood or sheet iron—great clumsy-looking contraptions of unknown purpose. But, like the cabin, the workshop was untenanted.

"Well, he wasn't looking for us," said

like the cabin, the worksnop was untenanted.

"Well, he wasn't looking for us," said Dick, hiding his disappointment. "Maybe he's gone fishing. Let's go back to the cabin."
That the boys had come to the remote swamp was owing to an illegible, mystifying letter from their uncle, apparently an appeal for help, that had reached them in Toronto ten days before. Norman Harwood, their father's brother, had been a romantic figure in the eyes of the boys ever since they could

remember. He was a mining engineer and had spent most of his life in the wild places far up in northern Ontario between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay. He was a trained

Superior and Hudson Bay. He was a trained geologist and a veteran prospector; he had prospected many rich finds for other men, but his own luck had been poor.

Now and again he had made a successful strike, and the proceeds of one of his strikes was paying for the education of his nephews, whose parents had been dead several years. Dick and Kenneth were his only living blood relatives, and he had always taken a lively interest in them. At odd times he wrote, though until the past two years, when he had seemed to be settled at Cedar Lake, seldom twice from the same address. What

wrote, though until the past two years, when he had seemed to be settled at Cedar Lake, seldom twice from the same address. What he was doing they had no idea, but they naturally presumed that it was something connected with mining.

For five or six months they had heard nothing from him; then the illegible letter arrived late in June. It was dated from Cedar Lake; the handwriting and signature were unmistakable, but they could make out little else. The letter had been in water, and the ink had run; only the address on the envelope, which was written in pencil, was clear. Here and there they deciphered phrases—"in canoe from"—"in swamp"—"mineral"—"best prospect I ever"; and one sentence ended "need you badly." But there was a postscript scrawled with pencil that had not blurred: "I pay expenses of course. But come at once." Then Kenneth detected that the letter was dated June 12, eleven days earlier than the date on which they had received it. Normally it should have come in four days.

"Sewething"s happened to it " Kenneth

"Something's happened to it," Kenneth had said, regarding the water-stained paper. "Dick, I'll bet he's discovered a mine that'll make us all rich! Let's rush."

make us all rich! Let's rush."

Luckily there was nothing to prevent their going. Dick, who was eighteen years old, was in the midst of an engineering course at the university, and his vacation had begun. Kenneth, who was two years younger, and who would matriculate next year, had almost completed his examinations. Except for their boarding house in Toronto their only home was with a relative of their mother's on a farm forty miles from the city. It was impossible for them to get away at a day's notice. Dick had to go out to the farm to fetch their guns and the campoutfit that they had used on summer camping trips. Moreover, they had manifold purchases to make, and Kenneth had two final examination papers to write, which compelled them to stay in town nearly a week.

week.

Ignorant of what sort of expedition was in store, they hardly knew what outfit to take. Finally they agreed to take Dick's double-barrel shotgun and Kenneth's single-barrel, both of the same gauge, a hundred shells of assorted loads, a set of aluminum camp utensils, a change of woolen clothing, blankets, fishing tackle and a small quantity of prepared emergency rations of pressed beef and chocolate. The bulk of their food and also a cance, if they should need one, they knew they could get in the north. Money was scarce with them, but they did not scruple to draw a hundred dollars from the bank, since Uncle Norman was going to refund expenses.

not scruple to draw a hundred dollars from the bank, since Uncle Norman was going to refund expenses.

It was a week before they left Toronto, and another day they spent on the northbound train, which took them past the Muskoka lakes, the rocks of Haliburton and far up into the "great clay belt," just breaking into scattered settlement. There they changed to a slow branch line, and after several hours they left the train at Cedar Lake, a hamlet of a dozen cabins just on the edge of the mining country to the north.

They were not astonished that their uncle did not meet them. The people in the village knew him well, and the boys learned that his homestead lay a day's travel by canoe up the Mesabine River, which flows through Cedar Lake, and that they could reach it only by canoe. They spent the rest of the day finding a young Indian who professed to know the way and arranging with him to paddle them to their destination. The next morning they were off shortly after sunrise.

From the first they observed that the

From the first they observed that the country was not the sort likely to attract a mining prospector. There was no sign of



"Hurrah! Here we are!" Kenneth yelled

mineral, not even rocks, it was a country of cedar swamps and low ridges heavily timbered with tall, slender spruce, birch and tamarac. Most of it seemed impassable—a chaos of fallen, rotting trunks, tangled cedar shrubbery and marshy ground covered deep with moss and fern. The weather was hot and misty, and multitudes of vicious mosquitoes assailed them when they went close to the shores. The river ran deep and slow and sluggish.

close to the shores. The river ran deep and slow and sluggish.

Even now as they stood beside the workshop they could hardly believe that their uncle had chosen to settle in so unpromising a spot. From the workshop the broad flat land stretched far down the creek. For the most part it was thickly covered with sphagnum moss with here and there a stunted cedar or a clump of willows. Close at hand some one had dug into it at several places, and the earth, a thick black muck, had been heaped up in chunks. Farther away deep trenches had been sunk, and whole logs, black with centuries of burial had been dug out. Dick went to look at the excavations and was puzzled.

excavations and was puzzled.

"Prospect holes maybe," he said, "but I never saw such an unpromising place for any kind of mineral in my life!"

any kind of mineral in my life!"

They returned to the cabin. Built of small logs chinked with clay and moss and finished inside with boards doubtless cut by the small saw they had seen, it was much better made than the usual backwoods shanty. small saw they had seen, it was much better made than the usual backwoods shanty. There was a clay chimney, and there was glass in the two small windows, which were protected also with mosquito netting—a needed defense! There was a bunk filled with sphagnum moss, with the blankets neatly folded over. There were two benches, two rough tables and a shelf of books that removed any doubt who owned the place; they were mostly scientific works on geology and mining, government reports and bulletins, and several of them bore the inscription "Norman Harwood" on the flyleaf. A small drawer in one of the tables was crammed with papers in their uncle's handwriting, but the boys refrained from examining them. Iron and aluminum cooking utensils hung on the walls; there was a small cupboard, and even a stove instead of a fiveless.

small cupboard, and even a stove instead of a fireplace. Crockery was neatly piled away. A few rough garments together with a pair of lowshoes and an empty cartridge snowshoes and an empty cartridge belt were hanging on pegs. Several colored lithographs decorated the walls. Everything was extremely well kept; pains had been taken, and money had been spent to make the wilderness home comfortable. But the place felt strange, as if it had been long uninhabited.

The sum was falling low and red over the the sawmill for? He's been here two years in this dismal swamp. What's he doing, and what's become of him?"

"I don't know, Ken," responded Dick quietly. "But we'll find out. We'll stay here till we do. In fact we've got to, for we've no means of getting away."

TO BE CONTINUED.

uninhabited.

The sun was falling low and red over the low line of spruces. For some time the boys moved restlessly round the place, looking in all directions for an approaching figure; but at last the mosquitoes, growing wors with twilight, forced them inside the screened door.

creened door.

"May as well see if there's any grub here," said Kenneth. "I'm hungry, and we'll have supper ready for Uncle Norman when he comes."

They had no food with them except some odds and ends from their lunch; but fortu-

nately they found a considerable stock of supplies in the cupboard—a large piece of bacon in a tin box, part of a sack of flour, beans, tea, salt, half a tin of molasses, a lump of bread almost as hard as stone and a tin of tomatoes. There were spoons and forks as well, some matches, a few rifle cartridges and several lumps of rock, which Dick gazed at curiously.

Kenneth lighted a fire in the stove and began to slice bacon with his jackknife. He rather prided himself on his camp cookery, and he broiled the bacon, heated the tomatoes and made dough flapjacks in the pan. Dick, having discovered several candles on a shelf, lighted one; and by that time the boys were so hungry that they gave up waiting and sat down at the table.

When they had finished eating they sat

and sat down at the table.

When they had finished eating they sat at the doorway for a long time, looking through the mosquito net outside where the invisible insects hummed in clouds. They listened keenly for an approaching step. Innumerable frogs croaked and shrilled from the marsh; from the woods they heard strange poisses a shorp eatility will the strange noises—a sharp, catlike yell, the soft crying of an owl. Fresh from the city as they were, they found the wilderness weird and alarming, and the dread of it, growing in their minds, intensified its sinister effect.

effect.

They were too weary to sit up after nine o'clock. They got into the bunk, which, having been built for one, was a tight fit for two. For a considerable time they lay awake talking in low tones. And long after Kenneth was asleep Dick lay awake, perplexed and anxious. Why Norman Harwood was absent he could not guess, but, if he had departed for long, his nephews would find themselves in an awkward fix. They had no canoe, and Dick knew that in the summertime no one

Dick knew that in the summertime no one could traverse those miles of swamps on foot. He fell into a fitful sleep at last and awoke to find broad daylight in the cabin and Kenneth

light in the cabin and Kenneth already up and preparing the fire.

"Look here, Dick, what's the use of pretending?" Kenneth exclaimed. "Uncle Norman hasn't come back. He'd certainly have come back last night unless—What's become of him?

"He wanted us," Kenneth went on excitedly. "He had something big under way. What was it? What's all that machinery and that sawmill for? He's been here two years in this dismal swamp.

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THE HABITANT'S HERO

MOST French Canadians believe that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, former prime minister of Canada, was the greatest and most powerful man in the whole world. Mr. G. B. Burgin in Many Memories tells of one habitant who lived "way back"; when he heard that King Edward had succeeded Queen Victoria on the English throne he looked incredulous at first and then grudgingly declared: "He must have one mighty big pull wit' Laurier, for sure."



A view of the east end of Liverpool Cathedral.

The window is 76 feet high by 44 feet wide

FACT AND COMMENT

HAVE PATIENCE! Turn the stone till the axe is sharp. The work that it will do will pay you twice over.

The Rapids whiten: Eyes, be quick and clear! The Task is, not to Paddle, but to Steer.

A FOOL can observe a thing correctly,—for example, the weather,—but it takes a man of sense to draw a correct inference from what

LOOK AT A MAP OF UTAH and observe the two northeastern counties, which com-prise the Uinta Basin. There is a settled and fertile country as large as the state of Connecticut that hasn't a railway or an electric line. Almost everything that goes in or comes out is carried over the mountains in automobile trucks in automobile trucks

CHEAP MONEY has halted the sale of Treasury savings certificates and stamps. No more will be sold until the market is more has lately been so low that the market is more favorable. The price for the use of money has lately been so low that the government has had no trouble in selling its ordinary short-term certificates at 23½ per cent; so for the present there is no inducement to sell Treasury certificates, which pay 4½ per cent.

A FLORIDA NEWSPAPER protests A FLORIDA NEWSPAPER protests against the mistaken idea of Northerners that in the summer Florida suffers from intense tropical heat. We are assured that on the contrary it is a delightful place even in midsummer; that the ocean breeze, always to be counted on, is cool and insures refreshing sleep at night. The ordinary temperature for the summer months is only a little over eighty degrees.

THE NEW YORK POLICE have estab-THE NEW YORK POLICE have established an aërial patrol above the waters that surround the city. Six seaplanes will report any vessels that dump bilge oil into the harbor. The observers can easily detect the discharge of oil from a vessel and by radio can immediately inform the police boats below. Incidentally the aërial observers can keep an eye on boats that traffic with the rum fleet. The presence of the aëroplanes should be a deterrent that lawbreakers will soon learn to respect.

lawbreakers will soon learn to respect.

DR. HORNADAY, in his recent article in The Companion on the moose, omitted to mention Isle Royal in Lake Superior as one of the haunts of the moose in the United States, which leads a reader to send us some interesting information of a new moose colony there. About ten years ago the summer residents on the island began to notice moose sign, and since then the herd has grown so rapidly that it now numbers nearly two thousand. Isle Royal at one point is only fifteen miles from the Canadian shore. In the winter ice bridges the channel, and the first moose probably crossed on it.

A NEW LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

A NEW LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, A NEW LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, re-cently tested by the New York Central Railroad Company, may change plans for electrifying steam railways. The new loco-motive generates its own electricity through an oil-burning Diesel engine and therefore is independent of trolleys and third rails. Moreover, its efficiency is said to be such that it generates more kilowatts to the pound of fuel than the largest steam turbine. It is said that the locomotive could make the

run from New York to San Francisco without a stop and at an operating cost only one-seventh of what would be needed if a steam locomotive did the work. Perhaps the days of dirty, smoky transportation are really

FARMERS AS GRAIN SALESMEN

CERTAIN farm organizations have, it is now announced, formed a Grain Marketing Company that is to absorb five of the largest elevator and grain-marketing concerns in the country. The plan is to capitalize the new company at \$26,000,000, to sell the stock so far as possible to farmers or sent the scote, so har as possible to farmers' coöperatives and so to place the control of the marketing of wheat in the hands of the producers. Some of the men who hold important positions in the absorbed companies have offered their services until the farmers shall have become familiar

until the farmers shall have become familiar with the technique of the grain market and shall have found representatives of their own to take charge of the business.

So far as the undertaking is an effort on the part of the farmers to free themselves from dependence on "middlemen" for the sale of their crops and to improve their economic condition through self-help rather than through political action the movement will have the hearty approval of almost everyone. Just as labor is finding out that by establishing its own banks and purchasing ownership in the great industrial corporations it can strengthen its economic porations it can strengthen its economic position without the slightest attempt to position without the slightest attempt to cause a political revolution, so the farmer is beginning to see that there are certain essential services that business men perform, and that, if he is not satisfied with the price he has to pay for those services, the best thing he can do is, not to make a political grievance of them, but to do the work himself

self.
We do not know whether the new grainsales corporation will be successful or not.
If it is not successful, the reason will probably be that the organizers of it have not by be that the organizers of it have not got a good bargain in the concerns they have purchased. Not all of the farmers —not all of the farm organizations even— are enthusiastic over the plan as it stands. Some of them think that the price agreed Some of them think that the price agreed upon—\$26,000,000—is altogether too high and fear that when the capital comes to be raised not many of the shares will find their way into the farmers' hands—at least to stay. They deny that it is a genuine experiment in coöperation and apprehend that in some way or other the grain dealers are getting the better of them again.

It is true that the new corporation proposes that the farmer adopt the usual business methods rather than that the coöperative idea be extended to the grain trade:

ness methods rather than that the cooperative idea be extended to the grain trade; but that does not mean that the undertaking may not be profitable for the farmer. It may be even more profitable if the farmers have or hire the right sort of managing ability for their venture. Like other business men, they must be careful to pay no more than things are worth, conduct their business economically and sell their goods at the right time and for the right price. They will no doubt find that there are many business problems. Brains are as necessary in selling wheat as they are in any other business; but wheat as they are in any other business; but a grain-sales undertaking will certainly be educative, and if it prove profitable, as it well may, it will strongly fortify the economic position of the wheat farmer.

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RISING PRICES FOR THE WEST

RISING PRICES FOR THE WEST

ATURE, which conspired with politics to diminish the prosperity of the American grain farmer last year and the year before, has seemingly determined to change sides. Apparently the world crop of wheat, though not far from the average in size, will be considerably below what it has been for several years past. The International Institute of Agriculture at Rome reports that crops are good in northern Europe, but that drought and bad weather have seriously injured the crop of southern and southeastern Europe. India, Australia and Argentina will not supply so much as they southeastern Europe. India, Australia and Argentina will not supply so much as they supplied last year. The backward season and the black rust have slashed the Canadian crop until some persons think it will not be much more than half as large as last year's. Naturally the price of wheat has advanced. On May 1 it was bringing only a few cents more than a dollar in Chicago and in Winnipeg. As we write it has touched a dollar and a half in Winnipeg and

is selling seven or eight cents lower in Chicago. Some experienced observers think that it will continue to increase in price.

Our American farmers are pretty well situated to take advantage of the rising market. Our crop is not much smaller than last ket. Our crop is not much smaller than last year's; the winter wheat crop of Kansas and Oklahoma is excellent, and the farmers of that region are sure of a large profit. Conditions in the Northwest are much better than they were last spring. The farmers who were able to hold on through the depression of the last two years will do well this year. At the same time corn and hogs are increasing in price. Three months ago corn was at seventy-seven cents. It is now well above a dollar. Hogs have gone from \$7.50 a hundred to more than \$10. It is true that not everything is favorable to the corn grower; he will have less corn to sell than he had last year, for the crop has not been abundant; but

he will have less corn to sell than he had last year, for the crop has not been abundant; but the price is still rising, and most corn farmers will find themselves better off this fall than they have been since 1920.

The increase in the buying power of the Western farmer should be reflected in better business—all the more because the prices of manufactured goods have lately shown a tendency to fall. The value of the farmer's dollar is not yet what it was in 1913, but it is much nearer to it than it was only a few months are and is already greater than a few months ago and is already greater than it was in 1900.

It is gratifying to observe that, although

It is gratifying to observe that, although the political measures for the relief of the farmer failed to pass at the last session of Congress, natural causes have already accomplished much that was contemplated by the Norris and the McNary bill and done it much more promptly than legislation could have done it.

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CLAIMS

CLAIMS

NOST persons would be glad to reduce the number of claims on their time, their thought and their pocketbooks,—at least they think they should be glad to,—but, if they were to see that such a reduction would be possible only at the expense of their own standing in the community, probably none of them would consent to it. Generally speaking, the more claims the more responsibilities; and the man who carries the greatest number of responsibilities is likely to be the most influential person in the community.

in the community.

Some men will admit claims that others in a similar situation would not recognize.

Responsiveness to claims is a test of a man's Responsiveness to claims is a test of a man's unselfishness and also of his energy, vitality and industry. Sometimes the unselfish wilt under the demands on their energy and industry. They would like to respond to the claims that they recognize, but mentally and physically they are too tired to do it. Those buoyant persons who find in each new claim a fresh stimulus are much to be envied.

There are other claims than those that There are other claims than those that human beings make on one another. Almost every possession of man, inanimate as well as animate, the automobile no less than the horse or the dog, has a certain claim on the owner of it. Many persons who are almost too responsive to human claims are neglectful of those of another sort; and often persons who are fastidiously careful to treat their inanimate possessions with respect fail to show due consideration to the claims of their families or friends. Some persons fail to show due consideration to the claims of their families or friends. Some persons are too sensitive to the claims of others on them, and some are too acutely aware of their claim on others. Those who meet adequately all the claims on them lead a useful and worthy life.

CAMPAIGNING BY RADIO

WHATEVER else may characterize the Presidential campaign this fall, it will go down into history as the first in which radio was used for broadcasting speeches. Each of the three most conspicuous candidates has announced that he intends to use the wireless for reaching the voters' ears, and it is probable that other orators of note will have their addresses broadcast on to will have their addresses broadcast. Candidates for local and minor offices may also seek to reach their constituents through the air.

It will be interesting to see how the innoat will be interesting to see now the innovation will affect the attendance at political rallies. Since the radio cannot reproduce gestures or disclose the personal appearance of the speakers, prominent candidates will continue to draw crowds. For the obscure

ones the old taunt of "Hire a hall" may be converted into "Hire a broadcasting station." At any rate, radio services will be a new item of campaign expenses.

What effect will the change have on the spirit and quality of Presidential campaigns? Though President Coolidge has already used the radio, he has made no predictions in regard to it; but both the telephone wires and the broadcasting stations of the country will be at his disposal. Senator La Follette has written that radio will give more people a first-hand knowledge of political debate, and that it will "serve to minimize misrepresentation in the news columns of the press. The most reactionary paper will fear to twist facts that thousands of its readers have received direct by radio." The Democratic candidate, Mr. John W. Davis, has said that radio will greatly change campaign methods, and that "the short speech will be the vogue." Perhaps, like the curate whose bishop told him that few souls are saved after the first twenty minutes of preaching, the future candidate will be informed that over the radio few votes are gained after the first half hour. He must remember that his listeners are not at his mercy. Politeness will keep them from leaving the hall or from yawning in his face, but it will not keep them in the privacy of their own homes from "tuning in" on something more entertaining. As the moving pictures have eliminated the second-rate barnstorming actor, so radio may suppress the obscure and long-winded political speaker. It has already dealt a severe blow to artificial demonstrations at national conventions, and party managers must know that the radio audience is both larger and more important than that in the galleries. Broadcasting is sure to make political stump speaking less rough.

But, like all other useful inventions. radio

is both larger and more important than that in the galleries. Broadcasting is sure to make political stump speaking less rough.

But, like all other useful inventions, radio may be abused. So long as the air remains free there is danger that tiresome candidates for all manner of minor posts may bore the public with their speeches if they can pay for the services of a broadcasting station; the outcome would be a bedlam of noises worse than the static. On the other hand, if the air should come under the control either of the government or of some large corporation, free speech might be curtailed or suppressed, so that only one side of an issue would reach the public ear. Which of the two risks we shall prefer to run the experience of the coming campaign may help us to determine. to determine.

ANOTHER GREAT CATHEDRAL

ANOTHER GREAT CATHEDRAL

We have already spoken of two great religious edifices that are now building in the United States—the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights, New York, and the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul on Mount St. Alban in the city of Washington. Another cathedral as remarkable for size and beauty as either of those buildings is now going up in the English city of Liverpool. Like the two American churches it stands on an elevation—St. James's Mount—and when completed will dominate the city with its imposing

—St. James's Mount—and when completed will dominate the city with its imposing mass and its umusual beauty of proportion.

The Liverpool cathedral is original in design. It draws its inspiration both from the pointed—or Gothic—and from the classical style. It is unmistakably Gothic in structural character and in detail, but its proportions are so far accordant with the classical that the building, although it is as lofty as any Gothic church, has a breadth and solidity that make the height far less striking than that of the older English cathedrals.

It has been a great many years since so

striking than that of the older English cathedrals.

It has been a great many years since so large and beautiful a church was built in England—almost three centuries in fact, for the Liverpool church is larger than St. Paul's, larger than York Minster, larger indeed than any other Christian church except St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral at Seville. In design it follows the early rather than the late Gothic. It is almost Norman in the proportion between stone work and window space in the walls and in the massive, almost castellated, roof lines; but the interior is extremely rich, and the architect has made use of vaulting and carving that are of the most highly developed period.

The architect is an interesting man. He is Mr. Giles Gilbert Scott, a member of the Royal Academy and a grandson of that Gilbert Scott who was famous as a designer and restorer of English churches seventy-five years ago. The extraordinary thing is that Mr. Scott drew the plans for this great cathedral when he was only twenty-one

years old. One hundred and three architects submitted sketches in competition, and five of them were invited to submit complete plans and drawings. The judges were unanimous in selecting the designs of this lad of twenty-one, and for more than twenty years he has been the supervising architect of the great building. The cathedral is now less than half finished, but the plan is to complete it within forty years from the laying of the corner stone, and Mr. Scott may well look forward to the unusual experience of seeing in his old age the dream of his youth completely realized.

It is a long time since three such churches as the cathedrals of New York, Liverpool and Washington have been undertaken. Under modern conditions the cost of such buildings is tremendous, but it is good to know that there is enough vitality in the organized church, enough generosity in its membership and enough artistic inspiration among architects to make these three cathedrals among the most beautiful buildings in the world.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

The Oueen's Dolls' House

has been widely described in the news-papers. It is an extraordinary repro-duction of a typical English house of the better class, made—furniture, pic-tures, chinaware, rugs, kitchen ulen-sils and all—on the scale of an inch to the foot. Much as this delightful to the foot. Much as this actignful residence in miniature has been described, no better article has been printed than the one that The Companion will print in its issue for August 28. It is by a well-known English writer,

Mr. James F. Muirhead

The number is the Harvest Number and as such will contain a capital harvest story

The Training of Eddie Akers

The story contains the liveliest description of a corn-husking contest that we remember ever to have read.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE rebellion in the state of São Paulo, Brazil, was short-lived. The Brazilian army, which is really efficient, made quick work of it, the quicker since only a part of the people of São Paulo were disaffected. The remnants of the rebel forces fled to the interior, but it is believed that in the absence of any general popular support they will dissolve rapidly. Some newspapers have described the revolt as a sort of Fascist movement.

IN a long pronunciamento chiefly abusing other countries the soviet government declares that the result of American participation in the reconstruction of Europe can only be to transform that continent into a vassal colony, trembling beneath the dictatorship of American capital. The document further declares that two million American farmers have "thrown away their plots of ground," and that economic catastrophe threatens the United States. How easily we see what we wish to see! Incidentally the soviet pamphleteers refer to this country as the most "avaricious" participant in the late war.

WE have already spoken several times of the proposal to unify all the sources of industrial power in the northeastern part of the country, where a great part of the manufacturing business of the nation is done. A so-called Superpower Committee, of which Secretary Hoover is chairman, has been studying the project carefully, and its engineering sub-committee has lately made an interesting report. The committee recommends that all the available water power on the rivers of the northeastern region be the rivers of the northeastern region be utilized, and that great coal-burning power plants be built at or near the coal mines. It is essential that power should be produced

in large amounts,—from two hundred thousand to five hundred thousand kilowatts at each plant,—and that all be connected by electrical transmission lines, in order to create a great reservoir of power on which each industry can draw according to its needs. It is estimated that such a system, if properly organized, would save no less than fifty million tons of coal a year besides providing cheaper and more dependable power, which could be used for transportation and farm purposes as well as for manufacturing.

WORK goes forward steadily on the gigantic Confederate memorial that sculptors are cutting on the face of Stone Mountain in Georgia. Mr. Borglum, the artist who conceived the idea and who is executing it, expects to finish the central group of figures within two years. By way of illustrating the immense size of the figures it is said that the heads of Lee, Davis and Jackson cover each an area approximately thirty feet square, and that the neck of the horse that Mr. Davis rides is so long that one hundred and twenty persons could be seated comfortably at tables upon it if it were level instead of being carved on an almost vertical face of rock.

EVER since the statisticians showed that the rate of suicide in this country is highest in the cities of the Pacific Coast and especially in those of southern California people have been trying to discover the reason for so unexpected a thing. One explanation is that there are a great many invalids in southern California who have gone there for the benefit of the climate, a number of whom take their lives when they find that even Californian sunshine does not restore their health. Another theory is that the continual sunshine, acting upon the temperament of persons of a race that was bred under cloudier skies, becomes an irritating and then a depressing influence.

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8 THE English newspapers are much troubled over the unfortunate ebullitions The Engish newspapers are much troubled over the unfortunate ebullitions of poor sportsmanship and national jealousy that were reported from Paris during the Olympic Games. The Times even advises that the games be discontinued, since it believes that they do nothing to foster good feeling among the nations of the world, but rather irritate and increase whatever dislikes and hatreds already exist. It is pleasant to add that the same newspapers bear unanimous witness to the excellent spirit and high sportsmanship of the American contestants, even when they were the victims of some of the ill-natured outbreaks of which the spectators were guilty. Our American representatives at Paris do not share the apprehensions of the British. They think that the evil will cure itself as a longer experience in competitive sport softens the manners of the European crowds and as the bitter feelings European crowds and as the bitter feelings left by the war subside. None of them would think for a moment of giving up the games.

SEVENTEEN years ago archæologists, digging in the ruins of Nippur in Mesopotamia, unearthed a bronze shaft marked with a cuneiform inscription, which could not at the time be deciphered. The object, which found its way into the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, was supposed by scholars to be a bell clapper. Now the inscription has been read, and the supposed bell clapper is found to be the royal sceptre of King Dungi of Ur, who reigned between four thousand and five thousand years ago! It becomes at once one of the most remarkable and one of the most valuable relics of antiquity in existence. antiquity in existence

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THE Federal Trade Commission has directed the United States Steel Corporation to put an end to its system of selling steel products on the "Pittsburgh plus" basis. According to that system the goods manufactured at any of the one hundred and twenty-five plants of the corporation were sold at the Pittsburgh base price plus the cost of transportation from Pittsburgh to the point of sale. If your own shop were across the street from a steel plant in Gary or Joliet and you were to take away on across the street from a steel plant in Gary or Joliet and you were to take away on your own truck what you bought, you would still have had to pay what it would have cost to bring your purchase by freight from Pittsburgh. There has been constant protest against the rule, especially by Western users of steel, and the Trade Commission finds that the protests were fully justified.



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CHILDREN'S PAGE

HOW THE HENS PLAYED A JOKE ON FATHER

By Frances Margaret Fox WAY up in Georgian Bay there is an island that belongs to Canada. In a village on the island lives a little girl whose name is Ellen. She has many pets—a cat, a dog, a canary, rabbits and wild birds that come for the crumbs she scatters on the snow in winter. Ellen would make pets of her mother's hens if they would let her, but they never seem to care about the names she gives them. They say "What, what, WHAT?" every time Ellen tries to talk with them politely, as a friend to other friends.

The little girl's mother keeps the hens because, away up in that land of ice and snow, she likes the fresh eggs in winter. The little girl's father doesn't feel the same way about it.

about it.

about it.

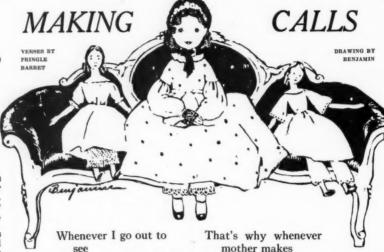
His business is in the Hudson Bay region, and often he is away from home for months at a time. He thinks that taking care of that flock of hens is too hard work for Ellen's

at a time. He thinks that taking care of that flock of hens is too hard work for Ellen's mother.

One winter when Ellen's father was at home on a visit he became so cross about the hens that he frightened the boy who was hired to shovel paths to the henhouse for Ellen's mother. Indeed, he was so cross that Ellen's mother didn't like even to speak of hens; but one evening in a sudden fright she did speak of them.

"Oh," she called, "the hens, the hens!" In an instant Ellen and her father knew what was the matter. A neighbor's barn was on fire; flames were lighting the sky. The henhouse was so close to the barn that Ellen's mother was sure it would burn too.

"Oh, my poor hens!" she wailed. "The poor things will be burned to death on their perches."



My mother's friends, I take with me My little dolls, Joanne and Jane. It's true that they are very plain, But they behave as dollies should; They smile and bow and are as

good As dolls can be. The reason why I take them with me is that I Know nothing I can talk about Unless I talk of them. No doubt their wings and to be tossed into the cold winter night. They squawked and squawked and scolded and said most impolite things

winter night. They squawked and squawked and scolded and said most impolite things to Ellen's good father.

They said, "Cut—cut—cut—cu-dack!" and flapped and flapped their wings.

Ellen's father worked and worked and worked, tossing out hens and tossing out hens while the fire flamed and roared. He was getting tired and cross. He said he should like to know how many hens there were in that flock anyway! But, no matter what happened, he could not let the hens burn to death; so he tossed out more hens and tossed out more hens and TOSSED OUT MORE HENS until his back ached and he was crosser than ever.

At last Ellen's mother appeared at the henhouse door. "What are you doing so long, father dear?" she asked. "They are putting the fire out, and the danger is over. What has kept you doubled up in this little henhouse so long?"

"Your old hens have kept me," Ellen's father answered. "How many are there in your flock, anyway?"

"There are nine," Ellen's mother answered, and then she began to laugh. "Oh, father," she said, "the window behind you is open and as fast as you threw a hen out the door she has flown in at the window. Do look!"

Father looked. Sure enough, the hens were doing exactly as mother had said.

I hope Joanne and Jane don't mind;

Do look!"
Father looked. Sure enough, the hens were doing exactly as mother had said.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine hens," she counted. "They are all back on their roosts. Poor father!"
"Cut—cut—cut—go back!" cackled the hens as they tucked their heads under their wings once more to return to their dreams.

dreams.

Next day it seemed to little Ellen as if the high-stepping hens were laughing at her kind father instead of saying "I thank you"

to him.
"What, what, WHAT?"



"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ellen's father.
"I'll have those hens safe out of their house in no time," and out he ran to the rescue.

It was a bitterly cold night, and so Ellen and her mother raised the curtains up and looked through the kitchen windows to see the men and boys of the neighborhood at work trying to put out the fire.

Ellen's father flew to the henhouse door, opened it wide and fastened it open with a block of wood. Then, stooping over, he went in and began taking the sleepy hens off their perches and tossing them through the open door. But it made the hens cross to be snatched away from their dreams like that, to have their heads yanked from under

Me too. When there is nothing much

To say about new clothes and such

They talk of me. Perhaps they try

It helps to take them too, I find.

Look like; and "How she's grown!"

To find out who it is that I

I never did like calling day.

they say





UNREASONABLE

By Eric Duncan



There islands overhung by sullen skies
Lie lone amid the ever-moaning main;
There naked hills and cliffs enormous rise,
Which tireless winds and wasee assault in vain;
Scant soil returns the toiler meagre gain,
And pastures thin with startike dasies gemmed
Serve tiny cows, which tethering bonds restrain
From oat fields small and poor by peat moss
hemmed:

hemmed;
A bleak and stormy land to scarcity condemned.

And here by mountains sheltered and by trees A winding valley opens far along;
Here the height-sweeping storm becomes a breeze,
The cascade's distant plunge a drowsy song;
Here flocks and herds wax frolicsome and

strong
On Nature's wild profusion broadly sown.
The cows which up the river pathway throng
Their cumbrous udders feelingly bemoan;
A land of rural bliss to poverty unknown.

Yet, O swift river, could thy course be mine!
Yet, O strange heart, still yearning wistfully,
O restless eyes, that range the rugged line
Of peaks majestic, longing for the sea,
That low dull stretch of uniformity
Which laps the solemn strand where I was born,
Gray Shetland! thy grim spell takes hold of me;
Here dwell I, right by Amalthea's horn,
Grandeur and joy around, yet inwardly forlorn.

9 9

THE IMPULSE AND THE VOICE

The did so, and then the incident passed from his mind.

Some weeks later he received a letter from the high commissioner on another matter, but there was a postscript that read, "By the way, the man you sent to me the other day arrived just as I was showing out of my office our minister for education, who is over here seeking a staff of specially qualified teachers. Your man proved perfectly suited for the work required and is leaving England immediately."

Scarcely had the minister finished reading when the lady and her husband were shown into his vestry. They had come to pay their farewell respects and to thank him.

"I was right, you see!" cried the lady gayly. "I was right to obey the impulse and the voice!"

voice!"

How true it is that there are more things wrought by prayer than this world dreams of!

0 0

A PADDED EXPENSE ACCOUNT

A PADDED EXPENSE ACCOUNT

It was Saturday night, and the two "drummers" were alone in the office of the only hotel in town. One, a grizzled man fifty years old, sat quietly watching the other, a boy of twenty-three, who was making out his weekly expense account. For the past six days they had been visiting the same towns and so had become friendly.

"I put one over on the house this week," remarked the young fellow, dropping his pen." This is my first trip, you know, and I've done pretty well. Before I started out another salesman told me about a scheme by which I can increase my income a little."

An understanding look appeared in the older man's eyes. "You've padded your expense account?"

The young fellow grinned and nodded.

The next morning the two salesmen were sitting on the broad veranda enjoying the bright sunshine. They had been talking inconsequentially, but now a silence had fallen. Suddenly the elder turned to his companion. "Son,—I'm old enough to call you that,—your remarks last night about your expense account set me to thinking of an experience of mine

when I was about your age. I'd like to tell you about it if I may."

"I'm listening," replied the other, smiling.
"My house," began the older man, "was the firm of Crumpton & Stanley, now the famous Crumpton Company. I started out and did well for a year. My father, who had spent his business life with the same concern, had always taken pride in paring his expense account to the limit, and I began to follow his example.

"At the beginning of my second year I married. Then I felt the need of more money and asked for a raise, but old man Stanley told me that conditions did not justify an increase of salaries just then. He promised me, however, that my request would be the first one granted.

"Another year passed, and our baby was born, leaving my wife's health seriously impaired for several months. I was needing more money, and about that time an older salesman suggested that I pad my expense account. I refused at first, for I remembered my father's example, but my urgent desire for more money finally overcame my scruples, and I yielded.

"At first I padded sparingly, but when I saw how easy it was I grew bolder. There came a week when I plunged. The following week I met a drummer who was making the same towns, but I didn't pay much attention to him, and after Saturday he disappeared. The ensuing Tuesday I received a wire summoning me to the office. When I entered the next morning I saw the drummer who had been with me the previous week.

"Mr. Stanley bade me be seated and then handed me a slip, my expense account for the past week. His face was grave as he asked whether it was correct. I said it was, and then he passed me another slip; on it was the imprint of a private detective agency. I realized that I was caught. I broke down, cried like a baby and confessed, begging him for my sick wife's sake not to disgrace me. He dismissed the detective, and then he said: 'Jack, I'm going to let you off, partly for your wife's sake, but more because you are the son of your father. How long has this been going on, and how

come along?"
"Not just now," replied the young man. "I'll join you later—after I've finished making out another expense account."

0 0 THE UNDERGROUND NEWS SERVICE

NORE than one traveler in Africa or India has remarked upon the mysterious way in which news travels among the natives of those countries. Without any of the means of rapid communication that the white man has invented, they nevertheless learn of distant happenings with extraordinary promptness. It sometimes seems as if telepathy or some similar phenomenon were the only possible explanation. In Memories of a Publisher Maj. George Haven Putnam relates an incident that indicates that the black people of the South still retain that singular gift even after years spent in a more prosaic civilization.

In April, 1865, Major Putnam was stationed in a North Carolina village that had no telegraph office. Every day at noon or thereabouts a messenger rode in with despatches from the North.

North.

In the course of the morning, he writes, I had gone to the shanty of an old colored man whom I had come to know during the days of our sojourn, for the purpose of getting a shave. The old fellow took up his razor, put it down and then lifted it again, but his arm was shaking, and I saw he was so agitated that he was not fitted for the task.

"Massa," he said, "I can't shave yer this mornin'."

"Massa," he said, "I can believe and mornin."

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Well," he replied, "somethin's happened to Massa Linkum."

"Why," said I, "nothing has happened to Lincoln! I know what there is to be known. What are you talking about?"

"Well," the old man replied with half a sob, "we colored folks—we get news, or we get half news, sooner than you-uns. I don't know jes' what it is, but somethin' has gone wrong with Massa Linkum."

what it is, but somethin' has gone wrong with Massa Linkum.'
As Major Putnam hurried back to head-quarters to see whether any news had arrived in advance of the courier the colored people were standing in little groups, waiting with anxious faces for the bad news they were sure was coming. He found the brigade adjutant as puzzled as himself regarding the troubled minds of the negroes. He had heard nothing to justify their uneasiness, but the instant the courier came in sight riding across the fields at noon it could be seen from his bearing, so

8 8

WHERE MARK TWAIN WAS "SMALL PUNKINS"

"SMALL PUNKINS"

ARK TWAIN was not a prophet,—at least he never pretended to be one,—but in his boyhood home of Hannibal, Missouri, he apparently suffered some of the disadvantages that are proverbially the lot of prophets in their own country. Mr. Edgar White, writing in the Mentor, tells of his attempts to find among Mark's boyhood acquaintances one who showed some enthusiasm about him.

Some years are the writes I supported

attempts to and among Mark's boyhood acquaintances one who showed some enthusiasm about him.

Some years ago, he writes, I sauntered through the town one day in quest of some comrades of Clemens's boyhood. I was directed to a certain official, Mr. Blank, who pleasantly said, "Sure, I knew Sam, but he was much older than I was, and I didn't run with his crowd. I'll tell you what; you see Colonel——; he'll tell you what; you see Colonel——; he'll tell you all about the sort of boy Sam was."

The colonel was found in his law office. He was not enthusiastic. "Why do you fellows keep pestering me about Sam Clemens?" he demanded. "Of course I knew him, but not intimately, because he was a good deal older than I was. I tell you what; you see Mr. So-and-So; he's about the right age and can tell you what you want to know."

The hunt was narrowed down to Dr. Buck Brown, who cheerfully admitted that he knew Sam well and that he was a few years older than Sam. An interesting talk followed. But finally Dr. Brown revolted.

"Oh, I don't know as Sam was such great punkins," he said; "I beat him spelling once at the Friday-night match."

"How was he as a schoolboy, doc?"

"Oh, so-so."

"Pretty smart?"

"Pretty smart?"
"I don't know. The bright boy in our school was Sam Raymond. When there were visitors the teacher would always call on Raymond to set off the freworks."
"How did Raymond come out in after life?"
"Fine! When he grew up he became a typesetter."

0 0

TWO SURPRISING FELLOWS

OUR cab driver is likely to surprise ye some day—that is, if he is at all like eith of the two that Mr. J. B. Bishop describ his biography of A. Barton Hepburn. W

quote:

A Columbia professor had an engagement to lecture in Meionaon Hall in Boston. He took the one o'clock train, due at six, to meet his engagement. The train was late, and the professor was nervous lest he keep his audience waiting. When the train reached the station he rushed out and called a cab.

"I want you to dive me to Meionaon Hall as

wating. When the train reached the station he rushed out and called a cab.

"I want you to drive me to Meionaon Hall as quickly as possible," he directed.

"All right, sir, step right in," replied the man.

"Are you sure you know where Meionaon Hall is?" inquired the professor anxiously.

"Know where it is?" exclaimed the driver.

"Why, my dear sir, it is a most celebrated hall; distinguished men from all over the country come there to lecture. The name is from the Greek, signifying smaller, and it is situated within Tremont Temple."

"You get in and ride, and I will drive," replied the professor admiringly.

Another professor—a member of the faculty of Harvard—had an engagement in New York. When his train arrived he took a taxicab to his hotel. As he was reaching into his pocket for the fare he accidentally pulled out a pocket piece. Seeing his mistake, he said smilingly to the cabby:

"Ha, that would hardly do for a fare, but

piece. Seeing his mistake, he same the cabby:
"Ha, that would hardly do for a fare, but you may be interested to know that that coin is more than two thousand years old."
"Oh, come off," replied the fellow incredu-lously. "It's only 1919 now!"

0 0

A PIONEER WOMAN'S WAY WITH A THIEF

THIEF
THIS story of bravery on the part of a pioneer woman comes to us from a reader who heard her mother tell it. The heroine was her Aunt Elizabeth Mason:

When the exodus of settlers was starting from Ohio to the West John Mason sold his little farm with its log cabin and took up another piece of land perhaps fifteen miles away. While he was preparing the new home he left his wife Elizabeth and their two children, aged respectively six months and five years, in the old cabin until he should come for them. Elizabeth had with her also the sale price of the old home, two hundred dollars.

It happened that the Masons had a near neighbor with whom John said Elizabeth might stay if she were timid, but Elizabeth was of sturdy stock and insisted on staying in her own home. However, she kept the axe near her for protection.

There were no locks on the doors then, just

There were no locks on the doors then, just latches. In the daytime the latch string of the cabin hung out; at night it was drawn in. In the wall of the house near the latch there was a

different from that which was characteristic of him, that he bore sad news.

The commander looked at the dispatch and broke down. When he recovered his voice he said in tears, "Lincoln is dead."

block that a friend might remove and then by reaching his hand in unlatch the door. No one except a neighbor would be likely to know of the block.

In the middle of the night a fumbling at the

except a neighbor would be likely to know of the block.

In the middle of the night a fumbling at the door awakened Elizabeth. Hastily slipping out of bed, she saw the block move in the moonlight and a hand reach in. Seising the axe she crept closer. At first she thought she would cut the thieving hand off, but on second thought she lifted the axe and, closing her eyes, brought it down with all her strength flat on the hand. A moan reached her ears as the hand was quickly withdrawn; then all was still.

Until daylight Elizabeth sat with the axe in her hands and her gaze fixed upon the door. With the morning she hastened to her neighbors to ask the man whether he would take her by oxen to her husband.

The woman was preparing poultices; she explained that as her husband was greasing his wagon preparatory to an early trip to market the wagon box had come down on his hand and smashed it. Elizabeth gave one look at the miserable man and without a word went back to her lonely little cabin. Holding one child by the hand and taking the other in her arms, she started with her precious money to join her husband, alone and trusting no one.

9 9

SMART AND TOO SMART

SMART AND TOO SMART

AN a dog ever be too smart? We think so. It seems to us that the following story of two smart dogs, which a correspondent sends us, makes a neat distinction between cleverness that is commendable and cleverness that is reprehensible. We like the first dog; he was wet and cold, and he fooled the other dogs, who wouldn't make room for him. As for the second— "Rover, come here! Wasn't that a pretty mean trick you played on poor old grandma?"

One night many years are writes are recommended.

pretty mean trick you played on poor old grandma?"

One night many years ago, writes our correspondent, a weary traveler and his dog stopped at a hotel. The dog was cold and wet and anxious to lie near a fire, but when they stepped into the lounging room there were no fewer than seven dogs sprawled round the stove, and they occupied all the space. Thereupon the four-footed stranger ran to the door and began to bark furiously. Up came the other dogs, and out the door they went. In amoment the shivering dog was beside the fire, making himself comfortable.

A similar story is that of Rover, a big, shaggy, black dog whose favorite place to lie was the most comfortable chair in the house. One day he came home, tired, and made his way to it. Unfortunately, grandma was sitting in the chair, knitting. Rover looked at her a moment and then, springing up on the couch, looked out of the window and barked several times. Grandma gathered up her knitting and-rose to see who was coming, but she was no more than out of the chair before Rover was in it!

8 8

THE DORIC WAS GREEK TO HIM

NE of the best of many good stories told by Mr. Will Fyffe, the Scottish comedian, concerns a countryman of his who was on his first visit to London. Leaning over Blackfriars Bridge as dusk was falling, he was astounded to see all the lights on the embankment flare up with one accord as if by magic. He walked up to the nearest policeman and said in surprised tones:

surprised tones: "Tell me, mannie, wha' lichted a' the lich-The policeman scratched his head and thought hard. "Beg pardon, sir?" he said at

thought hard. "Beg pardon, sir!" he said at last.

"I was juist askin' ye wha' lichted a' the lichties," repeated the visitor.

The policeman was dumbfounded, and at last courtesy fled from his soul. "Garn, yer Portuguese blighter," he ordered sharply.

"'Oppit!"

9 9 THE ELEPHANT SNEEZES



Arthur Watts in the Tatle

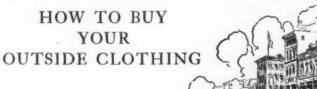


Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The FAMILY PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.





ITHOUT DOUBT the day will

ITHOUT DOUBT the day will come, perhaps in the near future, when manufacturers will attach labels to garments that will tell the woman buyer exactly what she is getting. It should be possible for a girl or a woman who has only five or ten dollars to spend to get a skirt, a blouse or perhaps a sweater or jacket for her money. But she should not be led or even allowed to think that she is getting the value of twenty-five dollars for five, or that the article can be expected to give the service or have the appearance of one of better quality.

At the present time beading is freely used for decoration, and on the proper background beads have a rich and ornamental effect. Yet many a woman buyer does not understand that beads are of different degrees of serviceableness. There are beads that are exactly what they appear to be—beads of cut steel, beads that excellently imitate dull or bright jet, beads of colored glass, iridescent beads or beads gold or silver or bronze in color. There are other beads, however, that are really painted or dipped in some sort of surface coating that comes off in an ugly smear if the garment gets wet or is dry-cleaning or washing is likely to dissolve the coloring matter and ruin the garment. But beads can be bought that will stand dry-cleaning or washing, and, although they are a little more expensive, they are worth the increased price.

Decoration that will soon cease to decorate of the doubtful value: so in buying a beaded

coloring matter and ruin the garment. But beads can be bought that will stand dry-cleaning or washing, and, although they are a little more expensive, they are worth the increased price.

Decoration that will soon cease to decorate is of doubtful value; so in buying a beaded article it is a good plan to examine the quality and the character of the beads and to have the assurance of a trustworthy shop that they will stand dry-cleaning. If that assurance were demanded often enough, the word would soon pass from the retailer to the manufacturer, who would quickly realize the advantage of attaching a label to his goods that should tell exactly what they are.

From time to time every girl needs to buy a tailored suit, a coat or a sweater. If she buys ready-made garments, she buys much that she must take on faith; that means that she should deal with a trustworthy retail establishment known to use good judgment in buying. In such a shop the customer's interests are safeguarded, for it offers her only garments of recognized quality bought from a manufacturer who values his reputation, and who is equipped to do his work right.

How often it happens that a suit that promises to be satisfactory and economical proves disappointing; the coat soon begins to look shabby, and the skirt shows unexpected marks of wear. Probably the owner decides to send it to the cleaner and have all the dust and spots removed and the suit pressed. But when it comes home she is dissatisfied, and likely enough finds fault with the cleaner for not having done the work properly.

A trade paper of national circulation, devoted to the cleaning and dyeing industry, calls attention to the extravagance of trying to get along with poor tailoring and to the unsatisfactory results sure to follow when poorly tailored garments are sent to be cleaned. After being cleaned, a poorly tailored coat, for example, even though it is handled by the best cleaner, is loose and loppy about the front, the bottom sags, and the buttons curl up and look like little hard, d

cleaning; seams sewed with imitation silk; garments stitched so close to the edge of the goods that one cleaning pulls the seams out; and cuffs, collars and belts interlined with cheap, unshrunken material.

Any woman or girl old enough to select or to help select tailored garments should look carefully to the quality of the tailoring. It is not enough to take some one's careless say-so that the seams are stitched with silk or that the article is of good quality. Every buyer should learn to know the characteristics of good work and should depend in a measure on her own judgment as well as on the reputation of the store where she is trading.

It is not necessary or always possible to pay the highest prices, but a good article is worth a fair price at any time, and with patience it can always be found.

The quality of materials used in tailored garments should be closely scrutinized. Those that are a mixture of cotton and wool will early grow shabby. The wool wears off, and the cotton warp takes on a picked or moth-eaten look. Loose woven goods may wear well if the threads are hard-twisted, but, if the thread is loose spun and the fabric loose woven, it will not last. Such garments do not hold the shape well and soon have a roughened surface.

It is not always possible to test the material in a ready-made garment whether by acid, by burning or by microscope. In fact, it is usually impossible; so women buyers should demand that the label tell whether the garment is all wool and, if not, what percentage of it is cotton or silk or linen or other material.

Of course it always pays to do business with a firm of known trustworthiness and standing rather than with a concern that is here today and gone tomorrow, or with one that never see its way clear to right a wrong. The retailer likewise should order only from a manufacturer who will stand behind him.

The careful buyer will also consider the matter of colors, for garments of light and delicate colors, though attractive, may prove unduly expensive if the garment has

piece.

The wise buyer will of course take into consideration her complexion, her type and her figure and will not take it for granted that because a friend or an acquaintance is charming

in garments of a certain style they will be equally becoming to her. Every buyer should learn to judge how she will look in what she purposes to buy.

On the whole, it is fairly safe to say that the ordinary woman will dress herself most economically and to the best effect if she will establish a budget out of which to purchase all her wearing apparel. Then she can be sure that she is not spending more than she can afford; and, if she will think out at the first of the season or somewhat in advance of it what she needs and ought to have, she can easily resist the temptation to buy foolish things. Many women who have a budget buy one garment of superior excellence each season, freshen up other articles and add smaller items as they need them.

When American women learn how to buy their

when American women learn how to buy their outside garments wisely they will save millions every year, merchants and cleaners will have fewer complaints, and everyone will be better satisfied.

8 8

CORN HUSK MATS

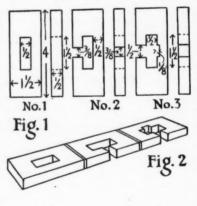
CORN HUSK MATS

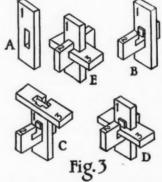
ORN HUSK MATS are best made from fresh husks, as they are taken from the corn. The husks are then soft and pliable and can be easily braided.

Tie nine husks together at the butt about two inches from the end and separate them into strands of three husks each. Braid by putting a side strand over the middle one and laying on that strand two more husks with the butts at the top. Then put the other side strand over the middle strand and place two more husks on that strand. Throw over the left strand, then the right, always laying on two husks with the butts standing about two inches on top of the braid, which should be one and a half inches across. The rug should be sewed like any braided rug, but with twine instead of thread.

PUZZLE OF THE THREE BLOCKS

MAKING the puzzle here described is an excellent exercise in accurate woodworking; and the puzzle when well made offers a problem just difficult enough to be fascinating. The puzzle is composed of three pieces





of wood, each 4 inches long, 1½ inches wide and ½ inch thick. In each piece cut a mortise 1½ inches by ½ inch, as shown at No. 1. (Fig. 1.) In the second piece cut a groove on one side ½ of an inch wide. In the third piece cut a similar slot ½ inch wide and continue it on the other side of the groove to a depth of ½ inch. The three pieces should be laid out on a piece of wood 13 inches by 1½ inches by ½ inch in size, as shown in Fig. 2, and when ready should be sawed apart. They should be numbered 1, 2 and 3. The puzzle is put together as shown in Fig. 3. First, hold No. 1 upright, as shown at A; then take No. 2 with the slot uppermost and push it

through the opening in No. 1 until the nearest side of the slot projects \(\frac{1}{2} \) of an inch, as indicated at B. Next put on No. 3 with the slot at the back, as shown at C, and push it down until it touches the bottom of the opening in No. 2, as shown at D. Then push No. 2 as far as it will go, and the puzzle is complete, as shown at E. The various parts of the puzzle should fit well but should not bind.

THE TREASURE CHEST

THE TREASURE CHESI

"AND is this really all there is to the apartment?" Jean Martin asked. She tapped the wall behind the nest of pillows and cocked her head on one side as if to listen for a hollow sound. "'Fess up, Nancy; there's a secret chamber somewhere. You must have a nursery that you're concealing from me!"

"Why, my dear girl, you saw my two-by-four nursery," Nancy Bond protested, setting down her teacup.

mer teacup.

"But where do the children keep their toys? Where are the headless dolls and the Teddy bears and the tea sets? You can't make me believe that you have ruled out toys because you don't like to see them underfoot."

"Oh, toys!" young Mrs. Bond replied laughingly, "Is that what's troubling you? Come here." She went to the other end of the tiny living room. "Here's my solution of the problem—no, wait a minute; I hear the children coming in! They'll convince you themselves. Right here, dears, mother's in here!"

In another minute both hostess and guest were hugging the two rosy children. But four-year-old Teddy wriggled out of the strange lady's arms as soon as he could and ran to the end of the room.

"Open it, open it wite away, please, muvver," he demanded imperiously.

Jean followed Nancy to the long divan between the windows, which wasn't really a divan, but a box, the lid of which Nancy was raising while Teddy stood by, eagerly watching. As the lid touched the wail, he leaned over, dropped in the "gollywog" that he had been clutching, and pulled out a little tin dump cart.

"Hurry up, Polly," he called to his sister; "put Dinah in and take out what you want before the treasure chest closes up!" He waited while the baby dropped her rag doll into the depths and accepted her mother's help in choosing a flannel Peter Rabbit. Then the lid was lowered, the cushions were replaced, and the treasure chest was again an innocent-looking divan.

"Yes, it's my own invention," Nancy admitted a few minutes later when the children had gone to the nursery. "You see, Jean, this flat is too small to have toys under foot, and yet I know that the children have to play just as they have to eat and sleep. But I arranged to have the toys out of sight except when they are actually in use. It's just as easy to teach a child to put things away as it is to let him strew them about. Hence the treasure chest, which makes an extra seat when I have a party. It's perfectly simple now, isn't it?

"It certainly is," said Jean. "I d



Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page, They will be gladly answered.

The GIRLS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOROFTHE GIRLS PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BOSTON MASS.



MAKING A STUDIO AT HOME



AT HOME

HE girl who plans to try her hand at indoor photography must give particular attention to the problem of correct lighting and of suitable backgrounds. A studio made in your own house with a few yards of muslin or cheesecloth and a reflector will give much the same lighting effects that the professional photographer obtains in his workroom.

Select, if possible, a window that has a northern exposure. Block off the lower half of it with a single layer of muslin, stretched tight and mounted on a frame, as illustrated in the cut. The muslin will soften and diffuse the harsh direct light. Attach a strip of muslin or cheesecloth to the top of the window frame; extend it into the room parallel with the floor and keep it in place with a light wooden stretcher, supported with cords that pass through screw eyes in the ceiling. The awning will reflect the softened light downward upon the sitter, and the loose end of the cloth will act as a reflector to light the side of the face that is in shadow. You can vary the area of reflecting surface by changing the position or length of the cords.

You will also need a reflector to light the side of the face that is in shadow. You can vary the area of reflecting surface by changing the position or length of the cords.

You will also need a reflector to the sitter from the front. It consists, as shown in the picture, of a single thickness of muslin stretched on a frame that is supported why standards. Wet the

front. It consists, as shown in the picture, of a single thickness of muslin stretched on a frame that is supported by standards. Wet the muslin thoroughly before you tack it to the frame; it will shrink as tight as a drumhead when it dries. By changing the position of the reflector you can work out the necessary lighting effects, and by tilting it you can throw the light upward so that it dispels the heavy shadows that sometimes lie near the cheekbones and round the eyes of the sitter.

In using the reflector, do not light both sides of the face equally,—the effect of such lighting is always flat and unlifelike,—but make the shadows transparent, as it were, so that the face will seem rounded, yet natural. Moreover, you must vary the effects with the character of the face that you are to photograph. A strong top light should never be thrown on a long, thin face, and a plump face should, as a rule, be taken in a three-quarters view.

If the walls of the house are finished in plain or solid colors, you will have pleasing backgrounds for your pictures. If they are covered with figured papers, which would be so conspicuous in the photograph as to detract attention from the sitter, you should obtain a commercial backgrounds can be had of dealers in photographic supplies; but if you have artistic ability, you can make one yourself, using the illustrations in a dealer's catalogue as your guide. It is not difficult to sketch in the details of light and shadow with crayons or charcoal on a large sheet of cloth or rough paper.

The ordinary camera can be used for indoor cortraiture, but it requires a long exposure.

charcoal on a large sheet of cloth or rough paper.

The ordinary camera can be used for indoor portraiture, but it requires a long exposure. You are fortunate if you have an anastigmatic lens—more fortunate still if you have a soft-focus portrait lens, for with that you can produce artistic results with a short exposure. A supplementary portrait lens, which slips over the ordinary lens and costs only from fifty cents to a dollar and a half, will serve the purpose. But, if you are buying a new lens, remember that the most satisfactory lens for portrait work is one that has a focal length considerably greater than the diagonal of the plate on which it is used.



THE DRUM

THE DRUM

THE drum was introduced into Western countries at the time of the Crusades. At the beginning of the eighteenth eentury the snare drum had a place in opera and the kettle drum was first used in the orchestra. Beethoven recognized the artistic possibilities of the instrument, wrote passages of importance for it and raised it to the rank of a solo instrument.

The percussion instruments include the bass drum, the snare drum, the kettle drum and the tambourine. The characteristic common to all is the membranous head; the differences

appear in size, in form and in the material of the "shell" in which the head is set.

The bass drum of the orchestra is usually thirty-two inches in diameter and has two heads set in a shell twenty inches deep. The bass drum of the military band is often larger, and the "street drum" is smaller. A bass drum with one head, about twenty-eight inches in diameter, is used in small orchestras and makes a good combination in a quartet made up of piano, violin and trumpet or saxophone.

The player of the bass drum usually plays the cymbals and either another drum or "traps"—a term that includes the xylophone, bells and other devices. When not in use the traps are kept in the bass drum; the double-headed drum is made with a trapdoor in the shell for that purpose.

The bass drum gives sounds of indefinite pitch, but changes in the tension of the head vary the sound from a dull thud to a rich full tone. It is used in the orchestra to mark or accentuate rhythm and also to mark the progress and climax of an extended crescendo. It may be used to imitate the firing of cannon; and, beaten with two sticks in tremolo, it represents thunder. In pianissimo passages its tone conveys a feeling of awe; while the playing of many drums in unison produces magnificent effects.

The snare drum, is also an instrument of rhythm only. The shell may be either of wood or of brass; the brass is the stronger, but the wood, as in the violin, improves with age in tone quality. As a rule the heads of the snare than the bass drum; is also an instrument of or hythm only. The shell may be either of wood or of brass; the brass is the stronger, but the centre of the head, and held in close contact with it by a snare strainer. The number of snares varies from two or three to a dozen; the larger number gives the more brilliant effect. The metal snares are more responsive than the catgut snares give the true drum tone needed with orchestral instruments. The snare strainer has thumb screws by which the snares can be removed from contact with the head, to g

drum.

The kettledrum, which is of Arabian origin, The kettledrum, which is of Arabian origin, is the most important of percussion instruments, because it is the only drum with a definable pitch. Three kettledrums are used in the orchestra and are called the "tympani." The shell of a kettledrum is hemispherical in form and is made of copper, brass, or alloy, with a hole in the bottom to lessen the violence of the concussion of air. The head, which is usually of calfskin, is stretched over a wooden hoop, held in place by a metal ring. Round the edge are six metal screws with T heads, which are used to tune the drum. In this form, the kettledrum is mounted on a tripod. Large orchestras now use "machine drums"; that is, drums tuned by means of pedals. The drums used in the orchestra are the tenor, which has a diameter of twenty-four inches; the bass, with a diameter of twenty-seven inches; and a third, still lower in pitch, with a diameter of thrity inches.

The tope of the kettledrum is so.

The tone of the kettledrum is so-The tone of the kettetrum is so pore and beautiful. Though each drum sounds only the note to which it is tuned, a great variety of rhythmical figures can be produced on one note or in intervals with two or three

notes. Kettledrums are also used in wind bands and in cavalry bands. In the cavalry one is hung on each side of the neck of a horse.

The tambourine, which has remained almost unchanged in form for two thousand years, is the smallest member of the drum family. It consists of a parchment head about ten inches in diameter, set in a wooden ring having openings in it at intervals, in which are hung little disks of metal, "jingles,"—usually twelve pairs, —which are held in place by a wire that passes through the centre of them.

them.

When the tambourine is struck sharply with the knuckles it gives a sound having a membranous quality; when it is shaken a sound resembling that of cymbals; and when the thumb is drawn in a certain way over the parchment the sound becomes a sort of roll, which, mingling with the metallic sound of the jingles, gives a very peculiar effect. The instrument is popular in Spain and Italy.

Italy.

In price drums present a wide range, from about fifteen dollars for a drum for a Girl Scout to three hundred and fifty for a set of tym-

a unit of a diff scoul to thee hundred and fifty for a set of tympani.

Drumming proper is simply rhythm, by which is meant time and accent. To keep the time even and to put the accent in the right place is not easy. The position of the drummer is, moreover, one of great responsibility, because the players of an orchestra depend largely on the fundamental rhythm that the drum carries.

The underlying principles of drumming are alternating the hands and alternating the accent. The rudiments of drumming are the stroke, or tap, the flam and the roll. The bass drum is the easiest to play; the roll of the snare drum is so difficult that side-drumming is an art in itself; and, though the stroke of the kettledrum is acquired with comparative ease, the player of the "tympani" must be a thorough musician.

There are need opportunities for girls in

the player of the "tympani" must be a thorough musician.

There are good opportunities for girls in school bands and in orchestras. The study of the drum as an instrument should be undertaken seriously under a good teacher. The purchase of a drum comes late in the experience of the drummer, for she begins with two sticks and a practice board about seventeen inches by twelve in size. She must have a keen sense of rhythm, and the player of the tympani, unless machine drums are used, needs absolute pitch in order to tune the drums.



BAGS FROM INNER TUBES

NNER tubes have been put to many strange uses, but not until this year did anyone think of making them into

You will need tubes,—a red one and a gray one, if possible,—gasoline, a pair of shears, a punch, wrapping paper, a drawing board, or something that you can cut and pound on, a hammer, some large colored beads and a pinking iron.

you can cut and pound on, a hammer, some large colored beads and a pinking iron.

Cut out a pattern from the wrapping paper; a square or a rectangle eight by ten inches is a good size to begin with. Fold it through the centre and cut long curves for the sides of the bag. Follow any of the designs suggested in the illustrations or work out your own.

Slit open the rubber tube, clean it with gasoline and, using the pattern, cut out two pieces exactly alike. The two pieces can be joined in many different ways. Lacing over and over the edges makes a good finish. The rubber can be stitched and fringed, or pinked and then laced. The last plan makes by far the prettiest finish. Draw the scallops lightly on the rubber, using an embroidery edge as a pattern. Cut them out and then punch holes about one fourth of an inch apart and a half inch in from the edge. The holes across the top of the bag, for the draw strings, should be about an inch apart and should be placed as far down from the edge as you think necessary.

Next cut four two-inch disks of red rubber and punch a large hole in the centre of each. Cut also from the red rubber some thongs one fourth of an inch wide. Lace the bag together with the thongs; weave them through the holes at the top for draw strings and finish off the ends with beads. Large jade or emerald-green beads make a pleasing contrast with the red rubber; if the bag is wholly gray, use beads of any bright color. Take care to select those that have a large hole, so that they can be strung on the thongs. Take two disks, draw as many thongs through each of them as you can and fasten one at each side of the bag on the front surface at the top. String beads on the thongs at intervals

and knot the ends. You can work out many variations of the design and coloring given here.

8 8

THE TOO-TOO GIRL

THE TOO-TOO GIRL

"I DON'T like to see you going with that Taylor girl," grumbled Don to his sister, as she turned away from the telephone. "I said it before, and here you are making an engagement to go walking with her."

"But what do you mean?" His mother looked up from her sewing. "Elnoranell is all right. Besides, she comes from a fine family."

"She comes, all right. Besides, she comes from a fine family."

"She comes, all right. Besides, she comes from a fine family."

"She comes, all right. Besides, she comes from a fine family."

"Now, Don," said his mother, putting down her work. "I insist that you speak out plainly. I have heard you scolding your sister about this before, and, although I am glad to see you concerned about her friends, I think you should be frank in saying what you mean."

"Oh, she's a too-too."

"Well, that's the word all the boys use. It means she's too, too much, that she's—"

"Give an example," suggested his mother. "Just tell us simply what it means to be 'too much."

"When the girls wore their skirts short," replied Don, "she wore hers shorter than any other girl in town. Then when skirts were worn longer she came out with one that touched the ground, and the boys called her a street sweeper. She puts on the rouge and powder so that it looks as if she had a high fever in her cheeks and had put a marshmallow over her nose. She looks like a elown.

"All the girls bobbed their hair. They curled it too. But the Taylor girl—say, I don't know what she does to hers, but it looks as if it were combed with an egg beater. If hats are worn over the forehead, hers is worn over her nose. If they are worn back, she tips hers like a sailor. I don't see what keeps it on.

"Besides, she's a too-too in her laugh and in her conversation. She can use more words to say nothing than anyone I know. Why, she's even a too-too in her name. Ellen wasn't enough for her; she changed it to Elnora, and that wasn't enough, so she added on the Nell. When a stranger in town asks what kind of girl she is we just s



A BULB GARDEN IN A POT

A BULB GARDEN IN A POT

NOVELTY in bulb culture is shown in the accompanying illustration. Use a pot that is ten or twelve inches in claimeter. Bore holes in rows in it about an inch and a half across and the same distance apart. An augur will serve the purpose or you can chip out the holes with a chisel. A pot with thick sides is not easily cracked if the blows are not too severe. If you put the holes all round the pot, it must be turned from day to day to insure an even growth for all the bulbs. It is better perhaps to make the holes in one side of the pot and to keep that side turned toward the light.

Almost any kind of spring flowering bulbs can be used; crocuses are good for the purpose. After putting in some pieces of broken crockery for drainage spread a layer of light mould over the bottom of the pot. When you come to the first row of holes lay the bulbs on their sides in the mould and turn the ends outward so that the little shoots face the openings. Use two or three of the bulbs for each hole and cover them with soil. At the next row of holes proceed as before and at the top of the pot put in several bulbs, so placed that they will grow straight.

Keep the pot in a dark place until the bulbs have begun to shoot out strongly; then bring it into a place where there is plenty of light and air. In a warm apartment the growth of the bulbs are dried off after the flowering season, the bulbs can be used again. Give them little or no water in the summer, but increase the moisture as the growing season of the bulbs comes round with the fall.



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The BOYS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOROFTHE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.





FOR 1924

The football season of 1923 produced teams that were quick-starting and hard-running. Coaches drove home the idea that a player must start at the snap of the ball and run or charge with all the speed and power that he had until play was over; that he must give everything in him during every second of every play. Coaches laid stress on quick starting, hard running and intense action because in the last few years the championships have gone to the so-called "high-pressure" teams.

In order to make the players give their utmost in the games many coaches insisted that every player give his best in practice. Such a plan called for frequent intervals of rest during daily drills, but established in the player the habit of working with all his energy whenever he worked at all. And whenever it was possible the coaches made the drills competitive, in order to keep up interest and enthusiasm.

Of course on the practice field it is not always possible to carry on work under full steam. However, you need sacrifice little of the principle of maximum effort if you make a sharp distinction between periods that are for instruction in form and those that are for work.

Quick starting, hard running, hard charging, intense effort, the bending of every energy to the task in hand,—in short, "punch,"—proved its value in the 1923 football season, and the college that has a record of three years of unbroken victories gave one of the most vivid examples of it.

When the quarterback of that team had given the signal that indicated the play to be made he paused. Then, in a ringing voice he commanded, "Ready! Go!" "Go!" meant go for that team. Go they did, with everything they could feel, think of, hit and take with them—go, until they had put every ounce of their energy into the play—go, until every last chance of going any farther had gone. It was go with them from "Go!" to goal—every play all the way.

This season all the teams will probably put more into the game and so get more out of it. Obviously it will be impossible for

place-kick, punt and do all the other fundamental things of football. And nearly all the drills in those fundamentals can be put on a competitive basis.

One college coach last fall found that he had to make a back field out of players who were not naturally "shifty." He divided the squad of sixteen back-field candidates into two groups. He placed the two groups in two lines of eight each, one man four yards behind another and stretched a tape at some distance from the end man. He gave a ball to each of the two leaders. At a given signal the leaders turned and began to weave in and out among the men in their respective lines. Each ran as fast as he could down the line and back again to his position, then faced about, passed the ball to the man behind him, who in turn wove his way down the line and back to his position. When the last man had got the ball and gone down the line and back to his position. When the last man had got the ball and gone down the line and back to his position. When the line and back he dashed on to the tape, bent on beating his competitor in the other group. Fifteen minutes of this "relay racing" gave each man in the two lines all the drill in fast, shifty running that he needed in one afternoon. Excitement over the races ran high, and the men really put more physical energy into it and got more practice out of it than they would have got if they had worked individually.

After perhaps three weeks of the weaving competition five or six men had become runners who could shift and dodge with great effectiveness; and one of the group won recognition before the season closed as one of the best half-backs in college football.

The same coach carried out the plan of using competition in practice in many other ways. After he had given his drop-kicking candidates instruction in the form of kicking he set aside a period for them each afternoon during which not a drop kick was made that was not duly

recorded as "goal" or "no goal," to the credit or discredit of the kicker. At certain times the stop watch was used to limit the player's time in getting off a kick that might score to his credit. Each succeeding afternoon the competitive desire to get the highest "batting average" grew keener, and although the drop-kicking practice was held early before the main group of candidates reported for practice, absentees were rare and the drop-kicking of the squad improved wonderfully.

Even in the matter of catching punts the competitive basis was established. A score-keeper kept account of each man's catches and fumbles. The record showed up in black and white at the end of the drill. In every case that offered a chance for it competition between candidates or teams of candidates kept the players keyed up to their best, schooled them steadily in the habit of working their hardest to win and filled them with the enthusiasm and energy necessary to success.

A score or more competitive drills that might be used in teaching football fundamentals will offer themselves readily to the mind of anyone interested in planning practice for football squads whether of college, school or club; and just as sure as they are sound and interesting and are followed persistently they will prove worth while. One in itself may seem of minor importance, but little details of daily practice go far toward determining a team's success. This fall elevens will play harder, faster, "heavier" football than ever before. The football season is short. Every game is short. The team that makes the most of every minute, that delivers the stiffest "punch" from start to finish, will win. And the eleven that will do that in its games will come from the squad that starts to do it in every way from the first day of practice. The successful coach or captain will be the man who has laid out carefully in advance each day's practice.

A LETTER FROM PROTEUS

T used to be a joke to ask some one, "What is a spiral stairway?" and then laugh at him for the inevitable movement of the finger with which he sought to answer, in his inability to put the idea into words. A spiral stair or a screw thread—a helix in mathematical language—is indeed a protean shape and difficult to describe.

guage—is indeed a protean shape and difficult to describe.

Is it like an O or like an S? You can readily convince yourself that it is shaped like half the alphabet and like half the figures too.

Wind a piece of wire round a cylinder so as to make a smooth screw thread with a good space between the turns and then cut it so as

to have just one turn and a half. Slip it off and see what kind of shadows you can cast with it. Can you make B, C, E, N, I, S, U, V, O, W and Z and also 2, 3, 5, 6 and 9? Perhaps some reader of The Companion may find a way to make the shadow take the form of some of the other letters and figures.

It is not essential to cast a shadow. You can get the same effect by holding the wire up and looking at it with one eye.

0 0 THE DISTANCE TO AN INACCESSIBLE POINT

SIBLE POINT

If you were standing on the bank of a stream and wished to know the distance to an object on the other side, the simplest way in which you could find out would be this:

Shut the left eye, extend the right arm to its full length and with the index finger cover some object like a tree, a house or a pile of stones. Next, holding the arm perfectly still, open the left eye and close the right eye. Focus the line of sight of the left eye over the index finger and you will see that the finger has apparently

moved away from the first object and now covers something else.

moved away from the most solution covers something else.

The problem is to judge how far apart the two objects are. When you have estimated the distance, multiply it by ten. That will give the distance between you and the object provided your estimate of the distance between the two points across the stream is fairly accurate. The multiplier, ten, is based on the ordinary person's angle between the eyes. To find your individual multiplier lay out a distance, say one hundred feet, and see by what round number you have to multiply the distance between the two objects to make about one hundred.

8 8

HOUSEHOLD THINGS IN RADIO

HOUSEHOLD THINGS IN RADIO

ADIO can be an expensive hobby unless you use your ingenuity and the material at hand in making simple parts for the set. There are many things about the house that you can turn to good use, and that will serve just as well as the specially made article. The appearance may not be quite so pleasing, but, if results are the object of your experiments, you need not worry about the looks.

First, consider battery connecters. They cost from five to twenty-five cents apiece, even in the cut-price stores; but for ten cents you can buy a box of common wire paper clips that will do all that the commercial battery clip is supposed to do. The long, narrow kind is the best. When you have soldered one end of a clip to a battery wire you can slip the free end over a "B"-battery tab, catch it under the binding post of a dry cell or even slip it into a spring connecter by using the free end of the wire. Two clips soldered to a very short piece of wire make a first-rate connecter for assembling flashlight cells in making up your own "B" batteries. To make a connecter for several head-sets sandpaper the paint from a section of quarter-inch spiral door spring. Fasten two short pieces parallel on an insulated base. Connect one end of each to a corresponding headset post on the receiver. Force a tip of each headset cord into each spring.

What can you do with safety pins? For one thing you can make a simple switch either for the "A" or for the "B" battery. Cut the shank of a large safety pin in two, bend the cut ends out at right angles and fasten them to a piece of board with staples in such a position that the pin rests with the pin part uppermost. That leaves the cut sections on the board separate. Connect a wire to each. When the pin is in its socket the circuit is completed; when it is released and points up, the circuit is broken.

If you have no loud speaker but have a three-tobe set, you can broadcast the music throughout the house with a common vellow miving.

pin is in its socket the circuit is completed; when it is released and points up, the circuit is broken.

If you have no loud speaker but have a three-tube set, you can broadcast the music throughout the house with a common yellow mixing bowl. China is better than metal. Simply place the bowl on a hardwood table and put three or four headsets in it with the diaphragms towards the bowl. Tip the bowl slightly, and, if there is any volume at all to the signals, they will be heard the length of the house.

Insulators for the antenna can be made at home and will serve just as well as any to be bought in the shops. For each insulator cut off a two-foot length of garden hose. Tie the holding rope to the middle of the hose, then run the antenna wire through the hose, double the hose in a U and tie the antenna together just below the openings in the hose. The rubber covering of the hose makes a perfect insulator, and, since the openings of the hose point downward from the mast, no rain water can get into them. You can make an adjustable grid leak by cutting out the gilt circle in the centre of a phonograph record. Scrape an opening in the circle and pivot a switch arm in the centre hole of the record. Then place a binding post at each end of the gilt band and connect them in the usual way with the grid circuit. The switch arm will enable you to obtain any degree of leak by moving it about the circle.

0 0

AN "INSPIRATOR"

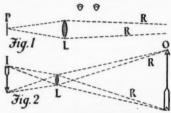
Some years ago, acting on a suggestion contained in Mr. Stewart Edward White's Camp and Trail, a group of campers added an "inspirator" to their equipment. It consisted of two feet or more of one-fourth inch rubber tubing, into one end of which was

forced a three- or four-inch piece of brass tubing with a somewhat flattened outer end. The ability of the simple arrangement to encourage a reluctant camp fire is astonishing, even if the kindling is damp. Direct the flat nozzle to the exact spot where it is most needed, blow into the tube, and the effect, to quote Mr. White, is "imidway between a blacksmith's bellows and a Bunsen burner." Compared with the old method of getting down on your hands and knees, blowing yourself dizzy and getting ashes into your face, the effort required is slight.

The tube also affords a convenient method of

getting ashes into your face, the effort required is slight.

The tube also affords a convenient method of getting a drink on the trail. No more lying on wet ground with your head down hill to drink, or fussing with a collapsible cup that leaks its thimbleful of water as fast as you can drink; just sit, or squat, beside the spring, fish the little coil of tubing from your waistcoat pocket, thrust one end into the water and drink from the other. Furthermore, you can drink your fill from water half an inch deep, where a single dip with a cup would roil it hopelessly.



HOW A LENS WORKS

HOW A LENS WORKS

LIGHT is composed of an infinite number of rays, or vibrations, traveling through space with lightninglike rapidity, or, to be more precise, at a speed of 186,000 miles a second. Objects are rendered visible to us by the light rays that they reflect in varying degree.

If you hold a piece of glass that is perfectly flat on both sides and of uniform thickness between any object and a sheet of white paper, the light rays that pass through it will emerge in parallel lines, and no image will be formed on the paper. But if the glass varies in thickness, as when it is cut to form a prism or is ground and polished to form a lens, it has the power to refract, or bend, the light rays that pass through it to a common point or focus. As different kinds of glass differ in density and refractive power, more than one kind is used in constructing lenses of high quality; for such lenses are made up of several pieces of glass, known as elements or components, and a component made of one kind of glass can be so constructed as to neutralize certain optical defects in another component.

Substitute for the flat piece of glass a simple

elements or components, and a component made of one kind of glass can be so constructed as to neutralize certain optical defects in another component.

Substitute for the flat piece of glass a simple convex lens, such as a common pocket magnifier, and the rays of light that pass through it become bent as they emerge from the side opposite the one on which they entered and form on the paper an image of whatever object may be in front of the lens if that object is at the proper distance; that is, at the focal point. The image is produced by each of the many light rays that come to a point at the focal plane, as indicated in Fig. 1, wherein the lens is shown at L and the light rays by dotted lines. RR, which converge to a point at the focal plane, P. Thus an image consists of a countless number of such points distributed over the field covered by the lens.

One of the first things you will notice in looking at an image formed by a lens is that all objects appear upside down. That is because the light rays that come from different parts of an object cross one another as they pass through the lens. Those that come from the head of a person strike the lower part of the paper, and those that come from the feet strike the top. The principle is illustrated in Fig. 2, in which the object is shown at O and the inverted image at I.

The distance between the lens and the paper when the image of a distant object is sharply defined represents the principal focal length of the lens. When you try to focus sharply the image of a near object you will find it necessary to separate the lens and the paper farther, and the distance between them increases as the distance between the lens and the object decreases. When the image is of the same size as the object the distance from the lens to the focal plane will be just double the principal focal length. It is impossible to get a sharp image of very near objects with a fixed-focus lens, since the light rays focus beyond the

plane of the file, so, that it is a little circle of file. The image is thus composed of counteed the contemporary of the cont

exposure.

The size of the image that a lens will give is proportionate to the focal length of the lens,

bends, which not only destroys the waterproof surface but also injures the action and flexibility.

Proper care of a fly line requires that it be so handled as not to crack the enamel. It is unnecessary to dry the line after use, since, if it is well made, no water can get inside to rot the silk fibres. Be careful not to let it tangle, especially when you are transferring it from the original card to your reel, for a tangle means knots and sharp bends, which are almost certain to break the enamel of even the best and most expensive line.

The ring guides of a rod wear more or less quickly from the friction of the line, and may in time be actually cut through. As soon as there are any noticeable signs of wear the guides should be replaced, for a worn guide means a sharp surface that will soon scar the enamel. The first guide above the reel and the one on the tip get the most wear and should be renewed every season if the rod is much used. For that reason many rods come equipped with agate tip and first guide.

The bait-casting line must always be dried. The best time to do it is as soon as you are done fishing, before the rod is taken down. Tie the end of the line to any convenient object and then walk away until it is all unreeled. Five minutes in the open air will do the work, and then the line can be responded. Unless your bait rod carries agate guides, take the same care of the guides as of those on a fly rod.

As the end of the bait-casting line wears more rapidly than any other part of it, make a habit of testing it frequently and breaking off so much as is unduly weak. It is better to shorten your line by five or ten feet than to risk losing a four-pound bass.

SURF PICTURES

To photograph breaking surf successfully demands more skillful manipulation than is needed for the other forms of marine photography described in the Boys' Page for July, since the shutter must be released at exactly the right instant to catch the effect at its best. Then too you must get contrast between the spray and the background of sky to show the spray affectively, and you must keep the lens clean and dry to avoid getting a dull, blurred image. Details in the waves and high lights in the flying spray come out best when the sun's rays fall upon the scene from one side. A low bank of gray cloud or a rocky cliff makes an ideal background for a breaking wave. If you have a choice of shutter speeds, choose one twenty-fifth of a second for surf effects. That gives as nearly as is possible the impression of motion in flying spray as it appears to the eye; that is, slightly softened without marked blurring. Have everything in readiness; watch for a big incoming wave and when it strikes shoot. If you wait to see the spray rise to its maximum height before you press the shutter release, you will probably be too late to catch the full effect, since it takes a little time for the shutter mechanism to act.





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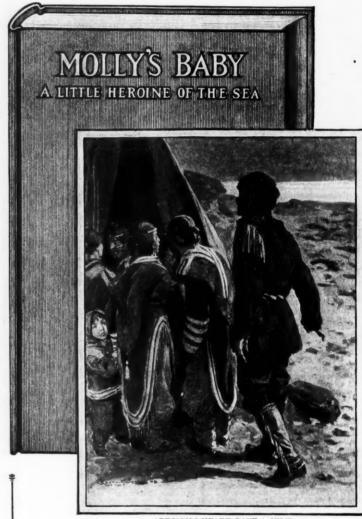
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